

AMERICAN
Curl Register and Sporting Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1843.

Embellishments :

PORTRAIT OF CAMEL;

Engraved on Steel by DICK after one by HACKER, from a Painting by ALKEN.

ENGRAVED TITLE PAGE:

On Steel by DICK, after a Drawing by LANDSEER

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

COLUMBIA, S. C. - Jockey Club Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 6th Dec.

MONTGOMERY, Ala. Bertrand Course, Jockey Club Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th Dec.

NEW ORLEANS - - - Metairie Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Dec.

“ “ - - - Louisiana Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Wednesday, 27th Dec.

PEDIGREE OF MADELIEE.

In compliance with the request of “An old subscriber,” we herewith subjoin the pedigree of this fine filly—the property, we believe, of R. SUTTON, Esq., of Charleston, S. C., and Mr. HAMMOND, the trainer:—

Madeline a b. f., was foaled in 1840, and was nominated in a 3 yr. old sweepstakes to come off at Hayneville, Ala., last spring. She was got by Tarquin (by Henry out of Ostrich by Eclipse, and she out of Garland, the dam of Post Boy,) out of Imp. Sarah by Sarpedon. Sarah was imported into Charleston by Mr. Fryer, in Oct. 1838, and came out in the ship “Ganges,” in company with Delphine (the dam of Monarch, The Queen, Herald, etc.) and other stock of Col. HAMPTON’S, of which we published a list at the time, that was sent us by Fryer from Liverpool. Sarah (Madeline’s dam) was got by Sarpedon (himself since imported,) out of Frolicsome by Stamford—Alexina by King Fergus—Lardella by Young Marske—Cade—Beaufremont’s dam by Brother to Fearnought—Miss Wyndham by Wyndham—Belgrade Turk—Makeless—Brimmer, etc. The pedigrees of Madeline’s ancestry is to be found at length in Skinner’s “English and American Stud Book,” and in this paper and the “Am. Turf Register.” She is as well bred as anything in the country.





C A M E L.

New York Engraved for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

C A M E L ;
SIRE OF TOUCHSTONE, COTHERSTONE, &c. &c., THE PROPERTY
OF MR. THEOBALD.

ENGRAVED BY DICK, AFTER ONE BY HACKER, FROM A PAINTING BY ALKEN.

THE Editor of the London "Sporting Review," in introducing the portrait of Camel to his readers, remarks that he "knows of no greater treat for a man fond of the thorough-bred horse than a visit to perhaps the most complete breeding establishment of the day, viz., that of Mr. Theobald, at Stockwell, Surrey; more particularly if the time chosen be the spring of the year, when, in addition to the fine collection of stud-horses, some of the picked mares of the kingdom may be seen, which annually form the seraglio of one or the other of these high-bred chiefs. Another feature well worthy of attention is the stabling and loose boxes, which we are informed cost £10,000 in building, and are allowed to be very near perfection. It may be, and indeed we have very frequently heard it remarked, that Mr. Theobald might make more money of his horses by stationing them in different parts of the country, and varying their circuits every season, than he does at present with them all in one spot, though certainly that is by no means a bad situation. To this we can only repeat an answer we once heard Mr. Theobald make to an observation of this kind, 'that he did not keep his horses solely for profit, but rather for amusement;' we think, however, we may venture to add, that from the judicious selection of them, Mr. Theobald does not suffer much from his hobby-horses. or, in the language of Franklin, 'pay too dear for his whistle.'

The following is a list of the stallions now at Stockwell:—

Camel,	Exquisite,
Muley Moloch,	Bay horse by Mulatto or Starch,
Laurel,	out of Young Petuaria,
Calmuck,	Young Isaac,
Cydnus,	The Norfolk Phenomenon.

The star of the lot, we need scarcely observe, is the fine animal whose portrait we have chosen as one of the embellishments of the present number—Camel, the sire of Touchstone, and grand-sire of Cotherstone, deservedly one of the most popular stallions of the day; an official account of whose pedigree and performances we now proceed to give:—

Camel, a dark brown horse, was bred by the late Lord Egremont, in 1822, and is by Whalebone, dam by Selim, her dam, Maiden by Sir Peter—Phenomenon—Matran by Florizel—Maiden by Matchem.

In 1825, then three years old, at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, Camel ran second to the Duke of Grafton's Crockery, for the Newmarket Stakes, Duke of Portland's Mortgage, Duke of Grafton's Cramer, Duke of Grafton's Bolero, Mr. Pettit's Retreat, Mr. Rogers's Flounder, Mr. Dilly's Sentiment, and Lord G. H. Caven-

dish's c. by Selim, out of Sister to Remembrancer—also started, but were not placed. 3 to 1 agst. Camel. In the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, ridden by Arnull, he won £50, for three-year-olds, beating Duke of Rutland's Adeliza, Duke of Grafton's Pigmy, Lord Jersey's Ariel, Mr. Thornhill's Surprise, Mr. Goddard's Pretension, Mr. Wortley's Scandal, Lord Warwick's Mephistophiles, Mr. Udney's c. by Muley, dam by Scud or Sorcerer, Mr. Vansittart's Darioletta, and Mr. Payne's c. by Octavius, dam by Gohanna. 5 to 4 agst. Camel. In the Newmarket Second October Meeting, ridden by Arnull, he won a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, beating H. R. H. Duke of York's Dahlia, Duke of Portland's Mortgage, and Duke of Grafton's Tontine. 6 to 4 on Camel. In the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, ridden by Arnull, carrying 8st. 3lb., he beat Mr. Udney's Tarandus, 4 yrs., 8st. 7lb., in a Match for £200. 5 to 4 on Tarandus. In the same meeting, he was beaten by Mr. Wortley's Scandal in a Match for £200, 8st. 5lb. each. 6 to 4 on Scandal.

In 1829, Camel only started once, when ridden by Arnull. He won the Port Stakes of 100 sovs. each, Newmarket Craven Meeting, beating Lord Exeter's Redgauntlet, H. R. H. Duke of York's Lionel Lincoln, Mr. Dilly's Hougoumont, and Mr. T. Scaith's Whipcord. 7 to 4 agst. Camel.

In 1827, Camel's third and last season on the turf, he only ran once, when, ridden by Arnull, he beat Lord Exeter's Redgauntlet in a Match for £200, 8st. 7lb. each, Newmarket Houghton Meeting.

In 1828, Camel served mares at Newmarket at 10 gs. each. In 1829, at the same price, at Lord Westminster's seat, Eaton Hall, Chester. In 1830 he came to Stockwell, where, in 1832, his price was raised to 15 gs. In 1835, in consequence of the performances of Touchstone, to a subscription of forty mares, at 20 gs., and for the last two seasons, thirty mares, at 25 gs.

The following are the principal winners by Camel:—

Abbas Mirza,	Cameleon,	Regatta,
Argos,	Camille,	Reel,
Archy,	Cecil,	Revoke,
Antelope,	Dromedary,	Roderick,
Abracadabra,	Elizondo,	Sheik,
Alice,	Grand Cairo,	Sir William (after-
Burden,	The Glama,	wards called Spider),
Black Bess,	Hester,	Swallow,
Brown Duchess,	Lady Anna,	Simoom,
Caliban,	Loutherbourg,	Sea-horse,
Camlet,	Launcelot,	Sweet-meat,
Constantia,	Lampoon,	Touchstone,
Crocodile,	Lartington,	Vicuna,
Cyrus,	Misdeal,	Wapiti,
Callisto,	Mule,	Wintonian,
Caravan,	Pickwick,	Westonian,
Camelino,	Prism,	Winton,
Camarilla,	Pickpocket,	Wilderness,
Clematis,	Pelopia,	Zara,
Cambyeses,	Queen of Gipsies,	Zerlina.

As well as the stallions now at Stockwell, Mr. Theobald has had at different periods the following :—Mameluke, Tarrare, Rockingham, Loutherbrough (all sold and gone abroad), Smolensko (who died in his possession), Strymon, Flibbertigibbet, and Caccia Piatti. He has also generally a horse or two in training, hitherto under the care of Mr. Brown, of Lewes, though it is reported that he now intends trying the home system. He won the Goodwood Cup in 1835, with Rockingham, and the Goodwood Stakes in 1838, with Loutherbrough. Though up in neither of these races, his regular jockey from his poney-racing days to the present time has, we believe, been Macdonald.

One word more as to the appearance of Camel : a casual observer might be almost led to imagine that instead of being used as a stud-horse, he was in running order. The days, however, when fat was considered about the grand mark of good condition are gone by, and it is now seldom to be found in abundance, except upon horses for sale, as, like charity, it covers a multitude of faults ; or on travelling cart-stallions, which their attendants generally seem to fancy ought to rival either the sheep or oxen in garbage, as they waddle up and down the market-place. With the John Bull farmer, who delights to see everything, like himself, in "prime order," this plan of cramming horses may tell, but an immense accumulation of flesh is always to be avoided in thoroughbred stock, no matter for what purpose they may be intended, as not only utterly useless, but exceedingly detrimental.

GROUSE, BLACK COCK, AND RED DEER SHOOTING, IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

NEVER in the memory of that veteran functionary "the oldest man" have we had such a splendid season, both as regards weather and a succession of grand and glorious sport, as we may say every one has experienced since our "opening day" on the dark brown mountains of our fatherland. One week's shooting on Scotia's heather is worth a whole season among the Southern stubble. From the 10th of August to this present writing (10th of October), scarcely a drop of rain has fallen ; but to-day is a regular drencher, and being thereby confined *for the first time* since the commencement of the season to our shooting-booth, we embrace the opportunity of referring to our notes to "report progress," as promised in our last communication, on the slaughter committed on the Grampians.

At the head of the list stands Lord Panmure's party. The Noble Lord commenced on "the Twelfth" in Glen Esk, and never did His Lordship's friends have such sport. During the first three weeks *three thousand four hundred* brace of grouse fell to their guns,

the first eight days averaging from 30 to 50 brace to each. The most successful of the party were, Sir Thomas Moncrieff, Sir Charles Hopkinson; General Hare; Colonels Dalgairns, Moore, and Swinburne; Captains Brandling, Douglas, and Wemyss, M.P.; Mr. Hastie and Mr. Price, M.P.'s; Mr. Aynsforth, Mr. Balfour of Balburnie, Mr. Gillon, Mr. Guthrie, and Mr. Webster.—Sir Thomas Moncrieff, however, topped them all. He is one of our crack shots, and no less proficient in the pig-skin: he is passionately fond of all the sports and pastimes of his native land, and gives earnest of being at the top of the tree in the Sportsman's pedigree: indeed the young Baronet merits that honor already, and is not many years out of his teens.

T. P. Wickham, Esq., had excellent sport at Culna Kyle. His most regularly-kept journal gives the returns of the first twenty days as follow: 1037 grouse, 6 ptarmigan, 18 snipes, and 23 blue hares. At the same shooting quarters, Richard Winsloe, Esq., bagged by his own gun 857 brace of grouse, and stalked six fine red harts and a hind.

Lord Glenlyon had superb sport at Blair Castle both among the wild red deer of the Tilt, part of his magnificent deer-forest, and the red-feathered denizens of the mountains. His Lordship "drove" the Tilt to give Lord Prudhoe a day's shooting, when upwards of nine thousand head passed in rapid succession, and his Noble Friend was lucky enough to arrest the progress of seven gallant harts ere the herd found its long line of march to the wilds of Ben-y-Ghlo. What a glorious sight! We have ourself had the gratification of looking over about nine *hundred*, and a most noble spectacle they formed; but to have been in the presence of as many *thousands* of these splendid Knights of the Forest must have been most exciting to the Noble Sportsman, and baffles our powers of description. It is not, however, an every-day occurrence to "drive the Tilt," and it may not again take place unless the Illustrious Consort of our Most Gracious Queen shali find his way into the sacred precincts of this far-famed Forest. Lord Glenlyon remained at the Castle till the end of September, and had excellent sport among the grouse. On one day he killed 18 brace, which may be reckoned first-rate at this advanced period of the season, as, being strong on the wing and very wild, he is not a bad shot that can bring six or seven brace to bag.

Lord Willoughby D'Eresby did not pay his annual visit to Scotland this season, having gone to the Continent, but gave permission to a few friends to sport over his extensive moors in the county of Perth, including the Barons Rothschild, the Earls of Chesterfield and Sefton, and Colonel Anson, all of whom had excellent sport both among the grouse and red deer. Lord Sefton and party of five guns had a week's sport in the extensive coverts around Drummond Castle, and killed 1600 head of game, a correct list of which will be given from the gamebook at the close of the season.

Lord Sefton and the Hon. Mr. Craven had great sport at His Lordship's shooting-quarters at Meggernie, having killed 800 brace of grouse; and have since killed ten fine stags in the Forest of

Glenartney. The Noble Earl left the Drummond Arms Inn, Crieff, on the 8th, for the South, and the Hon. Mr. Craven was to follow yesterday (the 9th) after another day in the Forest of Glenartney.

Major Moray Stirling, at Abercairney and Ardoch, has had a strong party since the commencement of the season, who killed a vast quantity of game, the "tottle of the whole" of which shall be forthcoming anon.

Mr. Grahame Stirling, of Strowan, killed 300 brace of grouse to the end of September on the moors rented from Sir W. Murray, in Glenturrit.

Lord Mexborough, at Auchnafree, bagged 900 brace the first fourteen days of their season, when His Lordship felt satisfied, and left for the South.

Colonel Patterson, at Logie Almond Lodge, enjoyed himself "rights merrilie," having to the end of September brought to bag 1000 head of game to his own gun; besides giving many days to his friends in that neighborhood, including Mr. Smythe of Methven Castle, Major Mercer of Fulchan Cottage, Mr. Peddie of Pitcullen Bank, &c., all of whom enjoyed the good old Sportsman's hospitality, and had excellent sport on his extensive moors.—*Vale!*

The Grampians, Oct. 10, 1843.

HAWTHORN.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for November, 1843.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Her Majesty's Staghounds.—The royal hunt commences the season on the 1st of November, and the turn-out is fixed to take place at Salt Hill. Mr. Davis lately turned out a deer on Ascot Heath, for the purpose of training the young hounds, which are in fine condition. The kennel consists at present of 36 couple of hunting hounds, and 17 couple of young, making a total of 52 couple. Mr. C. Davis and the whips are all in good tune, and anticipate a glorious season.

Death of Little Wonder.—This well-known horse, the property of David Robertson, Esq., of Lady Kirk, died at Dawson's stables, Middleham, Yordshire, of inflammation. He was the winner of the Derby in 1840, and was in training for the Kelso meeting.

Goodwood Cup, 1843.—The Stewards of the Jockey Club (to whom the question was referred by the Stewards of the Goodwood Races) have decided that no third horse having been placed by the Judge, the 50 sovs. which the owner of the third horse was to have received out of the stakes, must be paid to the winner of the race.

Lord Waterford has purchased *Milo* from the Hon. B. Woodehouse, for 550 gs. He is intended for Cahir Steeple-chase, and we believe will be ridden by G. H. Moore, Esq.

Trotting Match against Time.—Extraordinary Performance.—Mr. Andrews, of Great Marlow, a short time since purchased a condemned horse, with a couple of broken knees and but one eye (and that not of the best) of Mr. Creswell, for thirty-nine shillings! The horse, however, having shown, although nearly twenty years of age, that he had still got some "stuff" left in him, he was backed by his owner for £20 to trot fourteen miles within the hour in harness. The match came off upon the Bath road, the distance being from the Dumb Bell Inn, near Maidenhead-bridge, to the mile-stone at Langley Broom, near Colnbrook, seven miles out and in. The "old condemned," driven by his owner, started off beautifully from the Dumb Bell, and performed the fourteen miles in fifty-seven minutes fifty-three seconds. The old 'un was as fresh the last mile as at starting, and had scarcely turned a hair. During the distance the horse broke four times, and this caused a delay of between three and four minutes. His owner has offered to back him to trot, in harness, fifteen miles in the hour.

The Grand Duke Michael of Russia in Oxfordshire.—On the 28th ult., the Grand Duke Michael and suite, paid a visit to Ditchley Park, the seat of Viscount Dillon. A most numerous and brilliant field of sportsmen welcomed the illustrious visitor on the following morning to the pleasures of the chase, on which occasion the Heythorp hounds met in Ditchley Park. Jem Hill, the huntsman, with his new suit of livery, was not a little admired; he did his best to ensure a good day's sport, but on account of the state of the weather, that seemed very doubtful, as the scent was anything but good. The hounds were put in cover, and Reynard was soon dislodged, and after a short run, the hounds were into him. The foxes in this neighborhood are very numerous, for no sooner were the hounds put into the wood, than another fox was uncovered, the sly 'un soon made his way to the gardens, where he was run aground. The illustrious visitor, after expressing his sense of the polite attention to himself and suite, shown by Lord and Lady Dillon, left for the Steventon Station. The noble owner of Ditchley, after the departure of his princely visitor, caused the festive board to be spread, and threw his doors open to all that chose to partake of the good cheer.

Thames Fishing.—A very fine jack, weighing 12lb., was taken while spinning in the Hampton preserve on Monday last, by Mr. Henry Farnell, the honorary secretary of the Thames Angling Preservation Society. The fish was in excellent condition and afforded first-rate sport, and was admitted, by the spectators of it at the Bell Inn, Hampton, to be the largest taken in the Thames by rod and line for some years. The fishing in the Richmond Preserve has been of late exceedingly good. On the 22d October one party alone took 50lb. of fine roach, varying from a half to one-and-a-half pounds, and on the following day the same party took 35lb. of the like good fish. The weight of fish taken in the Preserve on the first-mentioned day was calculated by the puntmen at between three and four cwt.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the November Number of the "Turf Register," page 642.

ON THE FORMATION OF THE RACE-HORSE.

SOME authors have been of opinion that the just proportions of a horse may be ascertained by measurements, as that of multiplying and dividing of different parts; how far such measurements may be correct I cannot pretend to say. The method I shall take of describing the shape and make of the animal is from practical observation. Nor is it my intention to explain this matter by a greater variety of anatomical phrases than is absolutely necessary, as this would not perhaps be of much advantage to those of my readers whose principal object is to obtain a knowledge of the shape and make of horses that are intended for the purpose of racing; suffice it therefore to say, that the bones of the horse, like those of almost all other animals, are of a white hard substance; they form and support the animal's frame, and protect in a great measure such of his organs as are important to life; they consist of many joints which are connected together by strong substances, called ligaments; and the whole is termed the skeleton, to which are attached the muscles and tendons; of which such as are under the will of the mind are the organs of motion.

I now commence to describe what I consider a well-formed race-horse; and I will here remark, that it is this description of horse to which my observations are principally confined. With regard to the height of such a horse, I confess I am not partial to a tall, overgrown one. I prefer one moderately low, as *fifteen hands*, or *fifteen and an inch* at most, having length with good substance. If there is a standard of perfection for the height of a race-horse, for general purposes, perhaps, his height may be fifteen hands two inches. Yet I do not presume to dictate to my readers the precise height such a horse should be. A horse of either of the above-mentioned heights, but particularly of the first, if well formed and having good action, will be very likely to become what may be termed a good fair runner, that is, when his speed as a young one, in the running of short lengths, may in some degree have left him, he afterwards becomes stout, and will, most likely, be capable of running under high weights, as twelve stone for example, for any of His Majesty's plates, at long racing lengths, as from two to four miles; which weights and lengths are still in use at some of our country racing meetings. Tall horses are those from sixteen hands to sixteen and a half, or seventeen hands high, most of which are bred in the south.

Of course, such horses are bred so over-sized for no other purpose than to go into those great stakes run for at Newmarket, as the two thousand guineas, the Riddlesworth, and other valuable stakes and matches, almost all of which are run for over straight courses at short lengths, as across the Flat at Newmarket; the very high state of condition into which such horses are brought to post at two and three years old, enables them to run for those valuable prizes at the above-named place; and from hence to Epsom, to run for the Derby and Oaks; again from Epsom to Ascot—which latter place has now become, from the very liberal patronage of His late Majesty, one of the most pleasing and respectable racing meetings we have in England. At each of the above-mentioned meetings are those fine, large, long-striding horses found to be running; yet such horses, generally speaking, are seldom heard much of after running at the above-named places; they are therefore afterwards frequently turned to the stud.

Now, the low lengthy horse of substance, although, as I have already observed, that his speed as a young one, at two or three years old, may in some degree have left him, yet afterwards becomes stout and capable of running on under high weights, at long lengths, over any sort of course, whether hilly or otherwise, and being, as he mostly is, a round goer, he is tolerably handy at his turns; and whenever such a horse is running in the company of long-striding horses on a small cock-pit or whip-top sort of course, he is almost certain to be a winner. Indeed, as far as my own observations have gone on this subject, I think there is no comparison to be made as to which of the two horses are of the most general utility. I certainly prefer the low lengthy horse of substance to the tall, oversized, leggy, long striding one.

I now come to describe, in as clear a manner as I am capable of, how I think a horse should be formed to race. His head should be small and lean; his ears small and picked; his eyes brilliantly large; his forehead broad and flat—we mean by this he should have a deer-like sort of face; and from the lower part of the forehead down to a certain portion of the nostrils, there should be, for a small space or length, a gradual curve or slight concavity; from this point downwards, the nose should be somewhat raised, and the nostrils should be so large, as, when the horse's respiration has, by exertion, been increased, the red membrane lining them should be easily seen during the time of his blowing hard. His muzzle, or mouth, should be proportionably small, and his lips thin, appearing, as it were, by their muscular contraction in covering the gums and teeth, as if they were closely attached to them. His throat should be clean and fine from the butt of the ear down to its centre, with a good wide space between the jaw bones, which latter should be thin. The throat and the hollow space between the jaws, if well formed, bears a strong resemblance, in point of shape, to those parts in a game-cock: and a man who is a good judge, on looking at a horse and seeing him well formed about his throat, would be apt to say (using a very common expression), I like him in this part, for he has a cock's throttle.

The neck should be moderate in length. I prefer its being wide; I mean its width should be formed by the substance of muscles which pass along each side of the top part of it; from the withers to the head it may gradually rise a little in its centre, but by no means to any extreme, as I have a great aversion to a high-crested race-horse. Indeed, I would prefer that his neck should be as I have described his face, rather of the ewe or deer-like shape, than that it should be loaded on top, which I will by-and-bye explain. As to the lower part of the neck, I have no very particular remarks to make, further than that the trachea, or windpipe, should be spacious and loosely attached to the neck on its way to the lungs.

The withers may be moderately high, and, if the reader like, they may also be moderately thin; but, with respect to this latter point, I am not so very particular, provided the shoulders lay well back. From the withers the back commences. I confess, that appearances may be in favor of a horse that has his back a little low or hollow, and for a saddle-horse this may be very well; but for a race-horse, to have strength and liberty of stride, his back should be straight and *moderately* long, with the shoulders and loins running well in at each end. The loins should have great breadth and muscular substance, so much so as for them to have the appearance of being raised as it were on their surface; and those muscles posterior to the loins should fill up level the top part of the quarters to the setting on of the tail, which latter should be set on pretty high up, and in its commencement should extend a little out from the quarters, hanging straight down to near the hocks. At Newmarket, in my time, such tails were called the "Bunbury switches." By-the-bye, there is a part under the tail, of which, as I am now so near it, and as it is a point of some importance, it may not be out of place to give a short description: the anus, or fundament, should contract into a small compass, nor should there appear much, or, indeed, scarcely any space round its surrounding sides: for this is a part that should be small, close, and well formed in all descriptions of horses. The muscles by which it is surrounded should be contracted into small folds; nor can the main sphincter muscle act too powerfully in contracting the anus, not only after the calls of nature are performed, but it should, I again repeat, at all times be invariably small, close, and tight, and rather projecting than otherwise, as it is one of the best or as good a constitutional point as any I am acquainted with belonging to the horse. If the fundament of a horse is as we have here described, and he has a great width between his hips, with a good broad surface of loins, as also a spacious chest, his having those four constitutional points will make up well for any apparent deficiency of the want of carcass; and, further, a horse thus formed, as regards the whole of the points mentioned, is at all times a good feeder, and with little trouble he is soon got ready to run, as he is invariably a good winded horse.

I now come to speak of the body, or what is by some people commonly called the "middle-piece" of the horse, and which is

divided, internally, into two cavities, by a muscular substance called the "diaphragm." The anterior cavity, the chest, contains the lungs, the heart, &c. The posterior one, the abdomen, contains the stomach, intestines, liver, kidneys, &c. Now, with respect to the external form of the body, which contains and protects all those numerous organs so important to life, I shall first make my observations on the chest. To use a common phrase, and somewhat of an expressive one, a horse in this part should be what is called "well over the heart," that is, he should be deep in his girth, round or well arched in his ribs. I mean by this, that a rider on the back of a race-horse (as they are generally better about the chest than horses in common use) should feel he has some breadth or substance between his legs; and there should be a good swell of muscle before his knees, or the centre of the flaps of the saddle. The chest, thus spaciouly formed, gives room for respiration, so that, in training, the horse's wind can be brought to the greatest perfection, which enables him to run on in long lengths.

The next part to be treated of is the abdomen, or belly, or what is usually called the carcass. It may, perhaps, appear a little strange, but I have a great aversion to what is commonly called a good carcassed horse, nor am I particularly partial to a large sheathed one. I like both these parts to be in the medium, as I do, also, that of his being well ribbed up. It is true that a horse's being well ribbed up denotes strength, and a short, close-made race-horse is, in running, handy at his turns, and, as I have already noticed, he is generally a pretty good one under high weights over a small round cock-pit course; but this description of course and sort of running is not now so much practised as formerly, or rather it is a sort of racing that does not exactly suit long-striding horses, as most of those are that run at Newmarket. Another thing is, that horses with large carcasses are mostly great gluttons; they put up flesh very rapidly, and are very difficult and troublesome to train, in consequence of their constitutions being too strong, or proportionably too much for their feet and legs. Such horses not only seldom remain long in training, but they cannot be kept long in condition, without their becoming stale in themselves, as also on their legs, and those are my reasons for objecting to very large carcassed horses; yet I do not wish horses to be what is termed "tucked up," or waspish in their carcasses. I like a horse's carcass to be in the medium, that is, it should be straight and handsome from behind the girths of his saddle; and what will make up sufficiently well, and give him sufficient strength of constitution, is the well formation of the parts already noticed, as the chest, the loins, and the fundament.

To return to the fore-extremities. The shoulders commence from a little below the withers; they should lie most particularly well back; should be deep, broad, and muscularly strong; yet those muscular parts should appear to the eye as being moderately so, that is, not unproportionably loaded; these muscles should be distinctly seen, there should be no appearance of fat, or, as it is

technically termed, "adipose membrane." The shoulders cannot well be too oblique in their descent to the front of the chest; here, on each side, a joint is formed by the lower part of the scapula or shoulder-blade being united with the upper part of the humerus or arm-bone. Those joints, thus formed, are usually called the points of the shoulders; which points should appear straight or level. There should be no coarse, projecting, or heavy appearance about the points of the shoulders of such horses as are intended to race; nor indeed does this often occur, unless where it happens that the chest or counter of the horse is unproportionably wide. In taking a front view of the chest, it should appear moderate as to breadth; and if its prominency is at all to the extreme, it should be in consequence of the fullness or substance of those muscles covering the breast, which muscles should be lengthy, and their divisions distinctly to be observed.

The fore-arm should be broad and long, and most particularly well furnished with muscles on its top parts, inside as well as out; I mean by this, that the muscles on the top and inside of the arm should here be so large as to leave but a moderate space between the fore-legs, immediately under the chest; and which muscles should appear, as those in front of the chest, distinctly divided. The posterior part of the top of the arm is called the "elbow;" this should appear (the horse in condition) somewhat on a level with the body; if it at all deviates from this appearance, I would prefer its standing in, to that of its standing unproportionably out. The knee-joint should be large, broad, and flat in front; generally speaking, the larger and broader all joints are in reason the better and stronger they are; and the longer, coarser, and rougher their projecting points or *processes* are, the greater and more secure will be the *lever* for the muscles or tendons to act upon, provided such projecting parts or joints (as the hocks and pasterns) do not amount to disease, as that of producing spavins and ringbones. The leg, from the knee to the fetlock, cannot well be too short, neither can they well be too flat, nor their flexor tendon scarcely be too large, or appearing too distinctly divided, as it were, from the leg. The fetlock joint should also be large, and the pastern proportionably strong, but its length and obliquity should be in the medium.

The wall or crust of the feet should also be moderately oblique, with the heels open, and frogs sound; this, indeed, is generally the state of racing colts on first leaving their paddocks, if their feet have been paid proper attention to during the time they may have remained there. Yet the feet of such of them as have been some time in work, will occasionally get out of order; they grow upright and strong; the horn gets hard and brittle, and the heels more or less contracted—almost all of which defects are too often occasioned from the want of proper attention being paid to them at the time of shoeing, and of proper applications being applied to them in the stables. With regard to the structure of such horses' feet, and the diseases of them, as also the method of shoeing and plating them, a description will be found in previous chapters.

Before concluding my remarks on the fore-extremities, it may not be amiss to observe to the reader, that, supposing him to stand opposite to these parts of the horse, if the animal is formed in them as I have already described, the centre of the top part of the fore-arm, to be well placed, ought to be nearly or quite in a parallel line with the top or front part of the horse's withers; and again, from the top part of the fore-arm down to the foot, for the horse to stand firm and well, and have the power of using his fore legs well, he should stand perfectly straight on them; I mean by this, they are not to appear too much under him, or too much out or away from him. Suppose again, for example, a man standing in front of the horse, and here taking a view of the foot, the centre part of the wall or crust should be in or on a parallel line with that lower part or joint of the shoulder, commonly termed its point. A horse's feet, thus placed, will neither be too much out or too much in; but should his feet deviate from what I have here observed, by amounting to a fault, in turning too much out or too much in, I should prefer their being a little out to that of the other extreme, of turning in, and being what is called "pigeon-toed."

I shall now proceed to describe the hind-quarters, or posterior extremities. As may be supposed, the well-formation of those parts is of the utmost importance to a race-horse in his running; it is, therefore, necessary that they should be, in breadth, substance, and length, of very superior dimensions. The hips should have a great breadth between them; and if they are a little coarse or projecting, so much the better, provided such coarse projections are not in the extreme, or appear vulgar or unsightly. From the centre and posterior part of the loins to the top of the tail is called the "croup," and should be of great length, and, if it deviates from that of a straight line, it may be somewhat arched in the centre; the croup being thus formed gives great breadth to the top of the quarters, the length of which, from the croup down to the hock, cannot scarcely be of too great an extent, in order that there may be sufficient room here for the attachment of those broad, powerful, lengthy, and distinctly divided muscles on the outside of the quarters and thighs; and there should also be a similar portion of such muscles on the inside of the quarters and thighs; so that a man who is a good judge, taking a posterior view, may observe how the horse is made. In this position he should be, as it were, struck by the appearance of the great breadth and length of the back part of the quarters; and as he moves his head to the right or left, the centre and outside of the quarters and thighs, and the swell of the muscles, should appear beyond a level with the hips. The upper part of the muscles on the inside of the quarters should appear quite close to each other, so that no vacant space should be visible between them, as that of an appearance of the horse being (if I may thus express myself) chucked up in the fork. Such should be the lengthy and muscular quarters of a well-made race-horse.

The stifle-joint should be in a direct line under the hip, and the length from this joint to that of the hock cannot reasonably be too

long, and the farther out of the angular or oblique position of the thigh bone the better, so as to admit of the back part or projecting point of the hock appearing some distance out beyond the top of the hind quarters; those parts being thus formed, admit of a very considerable lever for the main tendon here to act upon the tendon Achilles, which, like the flexor one of the leg, can scarcely be too large or too distinctly seen in its commencement from the lower part of the quarter to its insertion into the posterior or projecting point of the hock—the os calcis. The hock should be broad and wide, with a clean, lean appearance, and those soft parts, which are occasionally the seat of thoroughpins and bog spavins, in a sound, well-formed hock, should appear more as cavities than as having the above-mentioned projections, and which are sometimes the cause of lameness. The hind-leg, like the fore one, should be short, broad, flat, and straight, the trifling angle formed by the hock should, together with the moderate obliquity of the pastern, bring the extremity of the toe nearly under the stifle-joint.

I now conclude my remarks on the formation or shape and make of the race-horse; how far my description of the animal may meet the approbation of my readers is another matter. I have merely given my opinion as far as my own practical observation authorizes me, in the pointing out of such parts of the horse as require to be of capacious dimensions, and such other parts as require to be of substance and length; the former giving strength to his constitution, and the latter giving to the mechanism of his form force of power; both of which are very well known to be requisite to all race-horses in the running of long lengths under high weights.

As it would be difficult, I expect, to find a race-horse as I have here described he should be, allowances ought therefore to be made in the engaging of any race-horse to run, according to the powers he may possess, and similar allowances should also be made in the purchasing of this or any other description of horse. The way I have always made such allowances, in the purchasing of horses, is, after having examined him thoroughly as to his constitutional and other points, if I find the good points he has over-balance his bad ones, and that he has action (particularly in his walk), and is sound, I buy him, unless indeed the price asked for him should be very considerably above his value.

Before I conclude this chapter, with due submission to my readers, I will here remark, that I think if breeders were to be more cautious in selecting the horses and the mares they intend to breed from, as to how they were bred, and the running properties they may have possessed, and if they were to be more attentive as to how they cross their mares, they would arrive much nearer at perfection than they do with regard to their produce. But as this is a subject I intend treating on at some future period, nothing more need be said of it here.

FOX-HUNTING IN PAST AND PRESENT TIMES.

Continued from the November Number, page 664.

HAVING in our last adverted to the point of the increased luxury of the times, with the diminished inclination to support fox-hunting in comparison with the spirit that formerly existed, we will resume our observations with an inquiry into that point.

No one with any experience of life, we think, will deny that there has been a very great extension of wealth among the middle classes of society within the last quarter of a century, coupled with a very great change of life and very increased expenditure on their part. We might even reduce the field of observation, and say that the last dozen years have produced a great change in the habits of the people. Formerly a man who kept a carriage was looked up to as a sort of independent person: now, or latterly at least, the wonder has been to find a person without a carriage. What was a Squire in the last century would be little better than a topping farmer in this. The metropolis shows this quite as strongly as the country. Twenty years ago, half a dozen Clubs comprised all that existed; now, as we have them in lines on each side of St. James's Street, along Pall Mall, Cockspur Street, and scattered about St. James's Square, up Waterloo Place, Albemarle Street, Oxford Street, Bond Street, and we know not where else. It is not to be supposed that landowners fill all these; not at all: they are supported by gentlemen in the country, who pay as much for belonging to them as their fathers paid towards the support of hounds. But the Club fee is a mere drop in the ocean compared to the expense of the annual trip to London—that approved modern mode of spending six months' income in as many weeks.

Railroads were denounced as detrimental to hunting; but they do far more harm by drawing the superfluous cash into London than by any impediments they present to the chase. "They've ruined the country!" exclaimed a politician in the hearing of Lord Althorpe's huntsman, in reference to some great question of the day. "They did *that* when they made the Junction Canal," observed the huntsman. "They've ruined fox-hunting by the railroads," exclaims some gentleman glad to be done with the thing, "So they have," respond we, "but it is by sucking all the money into London."

But, joking apart, railroads have brought temptations in the way of many who can neither afford to go to London nor resist it. People hear of "time being money," which it undoubtedly is to active business-men; but every idler adopts the idea, and because he gets to London much quicker and easier than he used to do, flatters himself with the notion that he is therefore economising. What has he to do, when, with all the puffing pace the best-built engine can raise, he reaches London? Nothing, most likely;

but then he gets up in half a day, instead of a day and a half as formerly. If it hadn't been for the railway he would never have thought of London. However, there he is, and it is notorious that there is no class of men so worked as these same "flying Squires," who cram a fortnight's work into a week, go and see everything, wear gloves, strap their trousers under their Wellington boots, and blister their feet with strolling on the hot pavement. From Epsom over Ascot is generally the advent of their coming, whereby they have the additional opportunity of being *done* on the races or in a gambling booth, or both. The result generally is, that though our Squire gets "up and down" very quick and very cheap, he still spends a great deal more money than he anticipated, and which he would never have thought of doing if it hadn't been for the confounded railway running near his house and making the journey so easy. This is a bachelor's progress, and bachelors are generally supposed to be the principal supporters of hounds; but when the family subscriber, with his bachelor sons and train of marriageable daughters, is seized with the London mania, the consequences are truly disastrous. To be sure the gentleman is seldom to blame; it is generally *Madame's* doing; but the consequences are the same. All this arises from the diffusion of wealth among the middle orders, and a willingness to go a little in advance, instead of a little in the rear of what they have been. Men in the same class in the last century thought they did uncommonly well if they endured the misery of a couple of assize balls and a race one during the year, and get their daughters suitably married to neighbors' sons. Now, like breeders of hounds, they are all for going from home for fresh blood. To be sure, in enumerating country festivities, we have forgotten to mention the Hunt balls, of which our worthy man would be a ready promoter and attendant, and we really question whether there was not more *real* business done at these hearty, few-and-far-between festivals, than at all the Almack's, operas, *fêtes*, and fiddlements that bring people together in daily and nightly contact in a London season.

Hounds, we maintain, have always been great conduces to country society, conviviality, and consequently matrimony. They are a comprehensive attraction, enlisting all ages and classes.

The Atherstone Hunt never flourished so vigorously as during the occupation of Mr. Osbaldeston, aided by his mother's balls and parties. The Stratford-on-Avon balls given by the Warwickshire Hunt, too, may be instanced as a favorable example; and what, we may ask, would Cheltenham be in winter without Lord Segrave and his hounds, with their concomitant attractions? Hunt balls, to be sure, are given in a very different style now to what they were formerly—bands from London—Weippert or Colinet—bouquets from Covent Garden—cakes from Gunter's, everything expensive. We had almost forgotten to mention the chief expense—Champagne. Nothing perfect now-a-days without Champagne—where it all comes from is the wonder—Champagne breakfasts, Champagne luncheons, Champagne dinners, and Champagne suppers. We read in the papers not long ago of a "Derby

Sweep" among *grooms*, where the winner had to give a couple of dozen of Champagne to the Club! Fine times indeed! We remember when Champagne was thought such a rarity that the giver was generally looked upon as on the high road to ruin. Now the wonder, or *scandal*, is to dine without it. No wonder the consumption of Port wine has decreased! But, as we said before, where *does* all the Champagne come from?

But to our subject—Hunting in past and present times. When men turned out at daybreak, or perhaps a little before, in bottle-green coats, drab breeches, and mahogany-colored tops, to find their fox by the drag, hunting for fashion was quite out of the question. During the war, the army accommodated all young gentlemen smitten with the *scarletina*, who have since had to be accommodated in the ranks of the fox-hunter. We wish Hume, or Williams, or some other bothering motion-moving Member, would get a return from all the Hunts in the kingdom of the number of men who really hunt for the sake of the sport, allowing the huntsman to be the judge in the case and make the return. We fear they would be few. We like to hear the honest confession of a once-fashionable fox-hunter tired of "fencing alarms," when he lays aside the red coat, candidly admitting that he never had any taste for the sport—or punishment rather. We find no fault with men for not liking fox-hunting, but we pity those who punish themselves and annoy the Field by pretending to do so, when their every act bespeaks the contrary. One great consolation is, that it is a piece of deceit that carries its own punishment along with it; and a very severe punishment it is—harder than the treadmill or oakum-picking—for the victim is obliged to appear delighted, whereas in reality he can hardly support himself under the infliction. What a blessing to him is a blank day!

However, there is soon an end to fashionable fox-hunting, or fox-hunting for fashion, for where neither sympathy nor credulity exists, it is well to retire and try the hand at something else. But the annual spawn of spurious sportsmen in some countries seems to keep a perpetual blister on the back of fox-hunting, and maintains expense and extravagance in the land. These youths are generally high-bred, high-couraged fellows, just starting into life—real life at least, in contradistinction to College life, which, being a wonderful improvement on school life, is oftentimes mistaken for real life, until our hero is launched on the grand arena, and finds the difference. These youths, we say, start with a tremendous dash, as if the season could never come early enough or last long enough for them, and they go it at best pace in the way of expense, leading many of that fine independent breed of sportsmen called "Tuft-hunters" a weary and most unprofitable dance, and are the admiration of grooms and stable-men, until the novelty is exhausted—the bubble bursts—and their places are supplied by a fresh influx of the same green sort. These youths may deceive themselves, or deceive people like themselves, but they can never deceive the real fox-hunter. There are certain signs that there is no mistaking.

Some men say that fox-hunting does not possess sufficient excitement for them—meaning thereby that there is no money to be made of it. This is a purpose our forefathers never thought of applying it to. They looked upon fox-hunting as the grand enjoyment of life, the neutral field in which cares and contention were banished, and where all met in the common bond of brotherly union; and if they indulged in a bet on the finding a fox, it was the extent of the extra excitement they indulged in. The man who thinks fox-hunting does not possess sufficient excitement can have no real liking for the chase. How different was Beckford's idea! Hear him. "Hark! he is found. Now where are all your sorrows and your cares, ye gloomy souls! or where your pains and aches, ye complaining ones! One halloo has dispelled them all. What a crash they make! and Echo seemingly takes pleasure to repeat the sound. The astonished traveller forsakes his road, lured by its melody; the listening ploughman now stops his plough; and every distant shepherd neglects his flock, and runs to see him break. What joy! what eagerness in every face!"

That is the most healthy description of a find we ever read. There is life and wildness in it! The wood, the echoing rocks, and the general suspension of labor to witness the fox break, are all in the truest spirit of vigorous sporting enthusiasm. We too must see the fox away as described by Beckford. Hear him. "Mark how he runs the covert's utmost limits, yet dares not venture forth: the hounds are still too near! That check is lucky! Now, if our friends head him not, he will soon be off.—Hark! they halloo! By G—d, he's gone!"

Talk of excitement! The man who cannot enjoy the reality of descriptions such as that can have no taste for country life, and had better nail himself to his desk than expose his deficiency by such observations.

It was, however, that feeling—the want of excitement in hunting—that introduced the unsportsmanlike steeple-chase among us. In calling them unsportsmanlike, we perhaps may offend some who adopted them for the mere purpose of the amusement and excitement they afford, divested of all mercenary feeling in the matter; but very few steeple-chases are got up on the principle of mere amusement; and it is converting the generous hunter into a money-making machine, and the unfairness of such heavy taxes upon the exertions of the animals themselves, that we regard as the chief condemnations of steeple-chasing. Confound it! but in these days of science and improved machinery, the greediest among us may spare our hunters from the general occupation of money-making.

That the steeple-chases could long stand their ground, even with fair play, was out of the question, being at best but an hermaphrodite sort of amusement, half hunting, half racing; but the bevy of scamps and vagabonds they brought into play were enough to drive all respectable competitors out of the field, and leave the sharks to eat up each other. The consequence is that every year

we see them getting fewer and fewer. Steeple-chases and hurdle-racing were a grievous nuisance to Masters of Hounds in many countries, bringing a lot of lane-riding, skirting, nicking riders into the field, "qualifying," as they called it, who were always getting before him at critical times with a grin, as much as to say, "Here I am, mind—entitled to my ticket."

As an off-shoot from these may be mentioned horse-dealing hunters. These men too are often terrible nuisances. If they have nerve enough, they are sure to go ramming and cramming at the start, regardless of hounds, horses, or men, to show off over some tremendous fence, and so lay five or ten pounds on to their horse's price.

If they are short of nerve themselves, they generally have some stable-man in their friendship and strict confidence, who shows off for them, while they go skirting about, pointing out the performance, recommending the animal, coining a pedigree, heading the fox, and making all sorts of bother and confusion. Some men are never happy unless they are selling horses, changing, or dealing in some way or other. It is an unworthy occupation, and no one with any regard for character will ever take it up. We remember a good story in circulation at Cheltenham some years ago respecting a very smart worthy of this sort—a gentleman, whose various and curious apparel might admit of his being taken either for a tailor's son or a horse-dealer's man: still he was a "would-be" very great man, one that you would think would hardly condescend to speak to his groom, let alone fraternise with him. However, he did, and uncommonly thick they were behind the scenes, until, as is often the case in such partnerships, the groom proved rather the *cuter* of the two, and they quarrelled and parted. The groom was very indignant indeed at his master, and blabbed all sorts of horse-dealing stories about the place, showing what assistance he had been to his master in selling his screws, and how he had served him generally, always winding up with an exclamation at his smart master's ingratitude, adding "the idea of his using *me* so! *I* who have always treated him as a *brother*!"

After horse-dealing fox-hunters, but lower in the scale of sporting gravitation, comes your small would-be-horse-dealing sportsmen, fellows in duck hunters, carrying short sticks, which are generally acting the part of chin-props or tooth-picks, or straddling with their thumbs stuck in a certain part of their white cord trousers. Every country town has its man or two of this sort—men always on the look out for a fifteen or twenty pound horse at half-price, or *with* one that they are ready to exchange for a good buggy, a couple of pointers, or a certain quantity of Port wine. It is not that these men *want* a horse, or are *fond* of a horse, but they think there is something important in being connected with a horse, and they lug him in on all occasions, just as others lug in their cock acquaintance or great relations, if they happen to have any. If three or four of them happen to get together with an unfortunate wight of a stranger among them, they talk of their brown horses by Flash, out of Flam by Fancy, out of Flit (for they are

devils of fellows for pedigrees), or their chesnut mares by Slang, out of Booby's dam by Blockhead, her dam by Thickhead, out of Numskull by Noodle, until a stranger would think they were the greatest stud-owners in the world, instead of mere talkers—generally without a horse at all during three quarters of the year, or always getting rid of them as fast as ever they can. Weary times the poor horses have of it while in their hands, weary as a newly-joined Ensign's, which is always either on the "go," or getting blistered.

But we have not limned our friends fully out yet. These fellows generally infest corners of streets, or if they do walk, or roll rather—for they have a distinguishing gait of their own—they halt suddenly at every passing horse, and stand scrutinizing his shape and action until he is out of sight or another one comes in the way. To watch them, you'd fancy they had their "eye" on every horse in the country, and might expect to see them leave the town followed by whole strings tied head and tail according to the usual approved mode, instead of being men that "funk" the very idea of being closed with for a twenty-pounder, and who are never happy until they get him off their hands again. When in possession of one, their usual salute is, "Fine day! do you know anybody wanting a good horse?" or "I'll sell you a horse" thrust in at every interval in conversation. A naturalist arranging mankind would certainly establish a "I'll-sell-you-a-horse" class of men. The title would be very distinguishing.

The country race-course is the small man's paradise. How they spurt, and scuttle, and bustle about, and persecute stray dogs crossing the course, and look at their watches to see the saddling-bell is rung at the exact moment, and jump off their steeds in breathless haste as the horses have started, and rush, book in hand, up the ricketty stand, to lay out another half-crown in defence of the first, in consequence of *later* intelligence, all of which is booked with metallic pencil in orthodox betting-book, still held open as though he were thinking of more. The horses now come in view; it's a glorious race; he bites his lips, and rises on tiptoe. Now he shouts, and works an imaginary horse with his arms, as if his energy would lend impetus to the favorite; and as pink-jacket is proclaimed the winner, he throws his shaved hat in the air and assumes all the gestures of a "made man." Should green, however, win, his brow lowers, curses long and deep are shadowed forth, he slouches his hat over his forehead, and stalks forth hands in breeches pockets, vowing he must sell his horses and give up all idea of hunting that season. Another favorite occupation of these men is buying horses and hiring servants for friends. The greatest compliment you can pay them is requesting their advice or assistance on such occasions, and wo betide the character of the horse that is bought without their approbation: they are cheesy, soft, buttery, numb, clumsy, awkward, cross-grained, good-for-nothing brutes; or bought far too high; could have got him for ten pounds less; and some men of this description do not

hesitate to stand in as middle man, and get a fee from either buyer or seller, or both if they can, for their good word or opinion.

Let us now look at our friend on the coach-box, that fast-departing eminence of a flash-man's ambition. How intimate, how confidential he is with the coachman! He squares his toes exactly as his friend does, and gives his coat the same orthodox fold over his legs, but speaks not till they are off the stones. Then he opens out—talks over the horses—how each stands his work—how one has worsen'd, another improved—what they gave for one—what they got for another. The open country attracts his notice—he talks of fences—tells how he would take such a one, or negotiate such another—points out the line the fox took on New Year's Day, when he led the Field on old Barebones, and devil a man could touch him for seven miles and three quarters over the stiffest-fenced country in the world. (These great feats are generally performed on New Year's Day.) But though he may talk thus largely to his friend on the "box," whose love of baccy and brandy makes him too complaisant to doubt or contradict, our hero knows full well he's far more of a man for the muggers or long dogs. A great jack hare is a far finer sight in his eyes than ruddy-coated reynard. With what exultation he holds puss up by the hind legs, and with what delicate care he performs the last rites of the chase lest she should be injured for the spit.

These men are nobody at the covert side: indeed *when there* they have no wish to be thought anybody, lest they should be asked to subscribe. They have generally just taken the meet in their way to some other place—a pigeon-match, or a tithe-commutation meeting—for some humbugs are always commuting their tithes—and will just stay to see the hounds find. If they find and go away—which those sorts of gentlemen generally do their best to prevent—why then their pigeon-match or tithe-commutation meeting generally lies in the same direction, and by road-riding and an accurate knowledge of the country, they generally manage to scramble up there or thereabouts, and of course glean rare materials for a story against the next time they mount the coach-box. These men were quite unknown in our forefathers' time. We should think they were post-boys in those days, or perhaps rode mules with the village letter-bags.

There is another race of sportsmen, or rather fox-hunters, still less contemplated by our forefathers—viz., health-hunting fox-hunters. It is no uncommon thing for medical men to recommend the chase just as they would recommend Cheltenham or Harrogate waters—or more perhaps in lieu of their nauseous draughts, labelled "when taken to be well shaken," for uncommonly well shaken these gentlemen get when they go out. Survey a watering-place Field, and see how many pallid cheeks attest the truth of this assertion. The bright eye and clear complexion, those indices of a healthy frame of the real sportsman, are not less the offspring of a delighted mind than of a vigorous body. We can tell a fox-hunter almost at a glance—a real one we mean. There is a nice neat quiet easy manner about them; they are properly

shaved, and wear neither beards nor chin-wigs (those shop-lad sort of appendages); their linen is virgin white and well got up; their white cravats are tied without ostentatious bows or flourishing ends; their waistcoats are always high-collared; their coats of dark grey, black, or deep olive, sometimes single-breasted; while their drab trousers sit neatly to the leg, and meet the instep of a well-made, well-polished Wellington boot, fastened under the foot with equally well-polished leather straps. You never see a fox-hunter ostentatious in jewellery, or turned up with velvet, or in polished boots; they always look for something that will stand weather. Neither do they convert the boot of the morning into the costume of the evening, they are all for shoes and stockings then. Since Lord Westmoreland died, and Sir Charles Knightley and Mr. Byng have doffed theirs, we have lost the last of the old leather-breeches breed of gentlemen off the streets of London; indeed we scarcely see a top-boot since Lord Euston put his away. We remember old Lord Scarbrough with his pig-tail, and pepper-and-salt coat, drab unmentionables, and tops, with his neat ponies, riding up and down the Park; also the late Colonel Jolliffe, next to John Warde, one of the most perfect dressed men of the Old School—George the Third's School—of blue coats and leather breeches. The late Duke of Dorset, and his *double* the late Mr. Delme Radcliffe, were also particularly neat in their lower appointments, favoring kerseymeres more than leather if we remember rightly, with the little bunches of ribbon dangling at the knees.

Take John Warde though, both for morning and evening, and we think he was the most perfect specimen of the old English Gentleman we remember. There was a fine substantial patriarchal air about him that arrested the eye and extracted the "Who's that?" inquiry that in London betokens the inquirer's conviction of the object being *somebody*. We have him in our mind's eye driving through the Park of a summer's afternoon in his old yellow mail-phaeton, jingling like a tamborine, drawn by a couple of under-bred horses, with a couple of equally under-bred lads in broad-brimmed woolley eight-and-sixpenny looking hats, dark brown coats turned up with blue and white-worsted carriage-lining sort of binding, in the rumble. We say we have him in our mind's eye, poking down the Park, bowing to Duchesses and nodding to Dukes, and pulling up at the end of Rotten Row to indulge in his jokes and stories with the quickly assembling crowd. But we have forgotten the man in our description of his vehicle. In these his latter days John Warde would give little change out of eighteen stone, therefore the reader may imagine he was tolerably substantial: his hair was white as the driven snow, and his finely-shaped head was surmounted by an important looking broad-brimmed low-crowned hat. There is something respectable in these old-fashioned shallows, and few but characters wear them. John Warde's ample back was generally clad in blue, with bright buttons: a capacious shirt-frill protruded through his acre of buff waistcoat, generally matching in hue the color of his leathers, which, with a little interregnum to exhibit the texture of his stocking, were met by a

pair of not over thick, but very well cleaned, rather mahogany-colored top-boots: his cravat was white, and he retained the old-fashioned ruffle at the cuff instead of the modern wristband. In an evening, his lower man was encased in shorts and stockings, with shoes and buckles—the now almost discarded nankin breeches being his favorite costume for the summer. No wonder John Warde was popular, for he had a bright, cheerful, intelligent, friendly countenance, that, while it bespoke mirth and good humor, set every one at ease around him. Had we the pen of Washington Irving, we would make old Warde do duty for a thorough-bred sample of an old-fashioned English Gentleman.—Peace to his manes!

To return to the antipodes of what he was—the invalid list. The health-hunting fox-hunter is perhaps the least offensive of all the illegitimate off-shoots from the great sporting tree, being generally quiet timid men, always munching biscuits or looking at their watches to see if it is not time to go home to take their medicine. Moreover they are generally large subscribers, and good payers too, having no other use for their money than to buy physic, which perhaps they consider hunting saves them. The great Spas abound in men of this description, particularly Cheltenham, where the liverless Indians try to bump themselves flesh-color.

The coffee-house-ing fox-hunter is also pretty harmless, generally expending his jabber and nonsense before the hounds throw off. We knew a man of this description, who, either by chance or design, had located himself in the centre of a country abounding with hounds—generally having two, but sometimes three packs out on a day. He used to send a horse to one pack, and ride another to a second, and having “How-do-ye-do’d” that Field, would gallop off to see who there was out with the other, change his horse, and if he didn’t like his partners in the chase, he would proceed in quest of a third pack, or else try to rejoin the first. Strange to say, this man passed for a sportsman for half a season!

The dress fox-hunter is a terrible bore. These affect watering-places chiefly, though every Hunt has one or more such cattle. They are noisy, rattling, jabbering, rapid blockheads, always on the blab, or showing off before women. They are generally great swells—everything of the newest and most approved pattern, from the button at their hats to the spur at their heels. They mostly come up at the last moment, just as the Master has exhausted his patience in waiting, and are generally cased in some new-fangled contrivance for keeping that clean which was put on to be dirtied—at least such is the presumption; but the fact is, unless these men get dirtied in coming to covert, there is little chance of their getting so after, for if they stay the “find,” they are off at the first check, vowing that all chance of sport is over, and venting anathemas at a pig, a post, or a ploughman. Then see them on the *pavé* among the ladies—how they strut, how they swagger, how they ring their bright spurs upon the flags, and what lies they tell

about leaping! Magistrates ought to have jurisdiction over these fellows.

An imaginary fox-hunter is a man who becomes desperately smitten towards the end of a season, or when he is half drunk, and makes all sorts of declarations as to how he will commence the next one. The former case is generally pure humbug, resorted to for the purpose of lady-catching, dinner-getting, or "soft-sawdering" somebody, as Sam Slick would say. We knew an old Cavalry Colonel who was desperately given that way; and regiments being moved in the spring of the year afforded him great opportunities for practising it. If there happened to be a woodland or late country that carried hounds on in the spring, our hero would appear the first opportunity after his arrival in an old mulberry lapped red coat that looked like business, and having introduced himself, or got somebody to introduce him, to the Master of the Hounds, would forthwith give him such a basting of butter as no mortal man could withstand—Horses splendid! hounds perfection! master unrivalled! nothing could be better! could never be sufficiently grateful to the Commander-in-Chief for sending him into that district—might he be allowed to take so great a liberty as to ask to see the hounds in kennel?—(What Master could withstand such adulation! such ardor!)—"Pray, my dear Sir, come over on Wednesday next, and dine and stay all night, and let us have a regular day of it in the kennel."—Thus the Colonel established a house for himself for the summer. As autumn drew on, his keenness increased: he was always riding over to see how the harvest got on—or to dine—and beseeching to be informed the very first day there was any possibility of their cub-hunting;—"Any time! day break! middle of the night! all was alike to him—he could not sleep a wink if there was any hunting going on." When it did begin, he took himself off to town.

There are many men who have made hunting a stepping-stone to society, and Nimrod we think it was who said that there is no better introduction for a young man of fortune than at the covert-side—an opinion we are inclined to concur in, provided the young man has gumption enough to keep himself in society when he gets there; but if he merely goes in to get kicked out again, perhaps he may be better away altogether.

The "mahogany" fox-hunter, if we may christen those so who are eager only in their drink, are generally men who have some latent passion for the chase, repressed perhaps by circumstances or bodily infirmity. There are a good many of them, and it is amusing to hear how the proposed stud increases with the increased confidence produced by each succeeding bottle of wine. They generally get out of the difficulty next morning by pretending to be a little drunker than they were, and to have forgotten all about it.

The political fox-hunter is another class of sportsmen totally unthought of by our ancestors. Counties were not so liable to be disturbed in their days, and the Boroughs carried off the effervescence of party strife. Politics now have become as popular as

fox-hunting ; every fellow talks of his political opinions, as if they were one of the necessities of life. We wish Peel would tax them.

We have thus in a rambling sort of way glanced at the various additions fox-hunting has received in modern times, and we think it will be admitted that if subscriptions had kept pace with the influx of followers, the Chase would be in a better condition than it is at present. On the "per contra" account, as the merchants would say, we are sorry to have to "write off" the once somewhat numerous and very respectable class of ecclesiastical sportsmen. The sporting parson of former days was invariably a good fellow—a good fellow in the field, a good companion in the evening, and a good man in his parish. We wish we could say as much for the new-fangled Jim-Crow-jumping set. Whenever we see one of these over-righteous men that "will not hunt, nor shoot, nor lute, nor flute, nor dine with the Squire on Sundays," we always wish for the good old days of bottle-noses and black boots. Agreeing perhaps with the Bishop who had no objection to his clergy hunting "provided they didn't tally-ho!" we would ask what harm it can do a parson to enjoy the exhilarating exercise and spirit-giving excitement of hunting? Will he not return to his parish a healthier, a happier, a more contented man? and will this communion with the works of his Creator render him less sensible of the duties he owes to the Most High? We think not. We have known many sporting parsons—we have many in our mind's eye at this moment; but we can safely aver we never knew a bad man or an insincere friend among them. Nay more; we will add, we never knew one but what was exemplary in the duties of his parish; and though they might not be quite so flash in the pulpit as some of the cushion-thumpers of the present day, their exemplary lives and their christian charities did far more towards promoting real religion and happiness among the people than all the cant, the mock humility, pretended abstinence, and humbug that characterises the rising generation of ecclesiastics of the present day.

Here, however, we are rather off our line, and will "whip off" altogether till another month.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for October, 1843.

THE CHOICE OF A HUNTER.

BY NIMROD.

DIFFICULT as it is for the pen to fulfil the task of the pencil, it is no less so, to express clearly, or to represent faithfully, the various points of an animal in common discourse.

In statuary, symmetry and completeness form a perfect figure, and if any of the component parts exceed or fall short of their due proportions, they are considered deformities. Again—in logic, what is beautiful is good. Such exactness, however, is not required in the horse, either to race or to hunt. In fact some of the best of each kind have been the ugliest of their day ; and one of the most perfect and stoutest hunters that ever I was master of, was the plainest I ever had in my stables. Nevertheless, there are certain indispensable requisites to goodness—especially so to carry such a weight as mine—and I will enumerate them ; and, afterwards, point out defects which are, in my opinion, fatal to horses required for the chase.

I will commence with the head, which it is not necessary should be handsome, provided it be well set on—that is, well hung on to the neck, with wide jaw-bones, and open vives. Indeed, in a hunter, I do not dislike seeing rather a long head, which is the reverse of a handsome one. The former denotes stoutness and good temper ; the latter, softness and irritability. That organ of organs, the eye, should be full and bright, but not of a fiery cast ; and I like rather a large ear. The eye of a horse is said to be a barometer of vigor ; how far this is strictly true, I will not undertake to pronounce, but certainly horses got by very old sires have the eye more sunken than others, and with a hollowness over it which is remarkable. Next is the neck, which is a most material point in a hunter. As they say in the schools—at least, as Seneca says —“Non potest artifex mutare materiem,” and thus it is with a horse, who can never be made to carry his head in a good place—a *sine qua non* in a hunter—if his neck be loose and thin, appearing as if it had a joint in it, as the stag seems to have. The muscle called the splenius muscle, which passes along each side of the upper part of it, from the withers to the head, in fact, should be well developed and powerful, causing the neck to rise a little in the centre ; but not to too great an extent, or it would make the crest appear too high, and consequently heavy. A strong, and, if I may be allowed so to term it, a steady, neck in a hunter, is a fine point, and especially so as regards the comfort and safety of his rider, when in the act of leaping, as well as galloping over rough ground and grips. Then the shoulders are points that require to be perfect in a hunter. No horse, how good soever he may be in his nature, is fit to carry a gentleman over a country unless his shoul-

ders lie well back and are lengthy. I mean by this, that if they run into the neck instead of into the body, they come under the denomination of short shoulders, and the rider sits over the fore legs, instead of behind them. This not only gives him an unpleasant seat at all times, but on landing from a high fence, especially if the ground be deep, he feels as if his horse were about to fall on his head, and in truth he is in danger of so doing, from the centre of gravity being thrown forward beyond its proper base.

The fore legs of a hunter are not so material as the hinder ones—inasmuch as all jumping animals, beginning with the flea and the grasshopper, spring by means of their hinder legs—still it is desirable to have them perfect if we can get them so, and their proper form is this:—The arm, or fore thigh, should come well out of the shoulder, not inclining inwards, or the horse will be what is called “pinned in at his elbows,” which causes the leg to fall powerless behind the shoulders; and a horse so formed is always a bad horse in deep ground. The knee is a great point in a hunter; it should be flat and broad, and if appearing somewhat prominent, the better. The cannon, or shank, from the knee to the fetlock, should be of moderate length—perhaps the shorter the better—and the leg should be flat, not round, with sinews and bone distinct, the former appearing very firmly braced. It is not necessary that the bone should be large; on the contrary, moderately-sized bone, supported by broad and well-braced sinews and tendons, is found to constitute the firmest legs under high weights. In fact it is only those who are ignorant of the anatomical structure of animals, that fix the basis of strength in the bony substances alone, not considering the muscular appendages which constitute the main-spring of strength and action. In the purchase of a hunter, a keen eye should be directed to the state of his legs—the fore-legs especially—inasmuch as the age and probable services of a hunter may be said to be estimated by his legs. If the flexor tendons have been sprained so as to produce considerable thickening of the cellular substance in which their sheaths are enveloped, they will long afterwards be liable to sprains from causes by which they would otherwise be scarcely affected. Then, again, a considerable thickness around the sheaths of the tendons indicates previous sprains. All this is more easily detected in the legs of well bred horses, than in those which are low bred, and consequently comparatively fleshy, or “gummy,” as they are called by grooms. Neither must we overlook the fetlock, which is a great point in a hunter. It should be strong, and oblique, but certainly not short, as old writers on the horse recommend. Short fetlocks not only render horses slow in deep ground, but they produce foot lameness by not being a preventive of concussion necessarily produced by leaping and galloping. The hunter's foot should be wide at the heels, and generally of good diameter, as small feet sink into soft ground deeper than those which are large and broad: but an eye to moderation must be had to this point, as an over-large foot is an impediment to speed.

As I have already said, horses leap from their hinder legs, and

as galloping over any ground, in particular, is little less than a succession of leaps, well placed and powerful hind legs are essential. The hocks should be large and lean, the points of them projecting behind the body; the thigh muscular, and bent after the form of the ostrich's. Horses with straight hind legs can race, but they are seldom clever over a country, and are commonly hard pullers. Indeed a good judge in my neighborhood—rather fastidious, I admit—declared, he had never seen a horse that had straight hind legs with a good mouth, and fit to carry a gentleman. It is true that they do not pull together, as the term is, in their gallop, and are for the most part hard pullers, a great fault, for a hunter in his gallop should bend under his rider as though he were all over elastic, and his hinder legs should be thrown nearly under his fore quarters, in his gallop, to render him pleasant and safe to ride. A stiff-necked, stiff-shouldered, straight-backed, straight-hind-legged horse, cannot make either a pleasant or a safe hunter; it is in vain to attempt making him one.

With regard to standing over, as it is called, it is the true position of the limbs that causes one horse to stand over more ground in his stall than another which is otherwise formed, although possessing even a more extended frame. One of these essential points is, as I have already observed, the setting on of, and length in, the fore-arm, or part from the shoulder to the knee in the fore leg; and another in the declension of the haunch to the hock in the hind leg, which is termed "well let down in the thigh." It is, in fact, the having those points in excess, that enables the hare to describe a far greater circle, and cover more ground at one stroke, than any other animal of nearly double her size.

I have seen excellent hunters, with bodies of nearly all forms, although one is essential to excellence. This is, depth of brisket, or girth, as grooms call it, to afford room for the lungs to execute their function. Although I prefer horses for my weight that are thick through—that is to say, those which feel thick between your legs, as you sit upon them; still I have been very well carried by a horse narrow in this part of his frame, but very deep in his chest: and many of my hard-riding and heavy brother-sportmen, have experienced a similar fact; but how thick soever a horse may be between the legs of his rider, if he be not deep as well, he cannot carry a high weight to hounds. When the organs of respiration are fatigued, all animals are nearly powerless; and the want of wind makes the war-horse rebel in the manège, the draught-horse fall as if he were shot, the racer bolt out of the course, and the hunter run into his fences, not having the power to rise at them. Action, however, has much to do with good wind, as these organs are more or less fatigued according to the nature of those constituent and component parts by which smooth and easy action is produced. But as regards the body of a hunter, one precaution should be observed in the purchase of him. Never choose what is called an over-topped horse—that is, a horse whose body appears disproportionately large to his limbs. Horses of this description are not only given to tire, but, according to the stable proverb, that "light bodies

save legs," they scarcely ever stand many seasons' work. Of course a due proportion in this respect, as in most others, is desirable; but if it be departed from at all, a light body on strong legs is preferable, and many light-bodied horses, when good feeders, carry men to hounds for many successive years; they are indeed, generally, the most brilliant horses in a burst, if not in a long run.

As regards the size of horses, there is no precise rule to be laid down. In most animals, the point of perfection for strength and activity, lies at a middle distance between two extremes, and such appears to be the case with the horse. Nevertheless, it being a certain axiom in animal creation, that the parts which add to strength diminish swiftness; in other words, that strength and lightness are properties not often combined; the difficulty of finding horses to carry weight in a superior manner, will always exist, and although they are formed of various sizes as to *height*, they must have *substance*; and, generally speaking, some coarse points. Look for example at my Hudibras. He had wide hips, and they were ragged withal: but like broad shoulders in a man, they added to his strength. His height was fifteen hands, three inches, which I consider to be very good, although I should not object to another inch! Hunters of sixteen hands, and very good ones, are *rara aves*, but I confess I like the command their height gives you over the fences. I rode a horse called Wonder eight seasons, and never tired him, although he measured barely fifteen hands in height; but I am free to confess, that the fences appeared much higher, from his back, than they did from that of any other in my stud. Then again, weight in a hunter, tells against fences. If he cannot clear them, he breaks through them, without falling, which is not the case with those weeds we see ridden by light men, which are turned keel-upwards by almost every thing they touch.

As regards the weight of the rider, of the two extremes, of course the light man would have the pull; but my experience has convinced me that a good man, not exceeding fourteen stone with his saddle, will make a better fight over most countries, very close ones, certainly—than your good man of nine stone or ten stone will do. He will meet with fewer mishaps, and fewer obstacles, and if mounted as he should be, will live quite as long with hounds, let the pace be what it may. On Brighton downs, however, or over any light and hilly country, the light man would, of course, take the lead and keep it.

It signifies nothing, how well bred soever a horse intended for a hunter may be; unless he have that sort of action fitted for his work, it is in vain to expect that he should make one. In the first place, he must have energy in all his paces, but be entirely free from that exuberance of action which is admired in the war-horse, or the parade horse. In short, the old huntsman's metaphor of his mare carrying him like oil, is the best illustration of what I intend to convey respecting the action of a hunter. He should glide over his ground, without appearing to labor, and not be checked in his speed by deep or soft ground, or he will never see the beginning and end of a long and good run. His stride must not be too long

or he will be unsafe, and yet it must not be short ; but on his quickness in repeating it, will depend the speed he makes on all sorts of ground. All good natural properties are to be improved by art, if not perfected by practice ; and, as is the case in the human frame, when nature has finished her work, the dancing master is necessary to put it into motion, so the action of a horse is greatly to be improved by the aid of a judicious rider. I have found great benefit, for example, from having a horse, whose action did not please me, and especially when the fault lay in the shoulders—walked frequently down steep hills, and trotted over very rough fallows. The action of a horse's shoulder is best shown in his walk, which, though, perhaps some will smile when I say so, should somewhat resemble that of a woman. For example, the toe should be a little turned out, and there should be a graceful nod of the head, which is the best and surest criterion of sufficient liberty in the shoulders, as well as of the hinder legs coming well forward under the body. Nevertheless, you must not depend entirely upon any of these outward and visible signs. Although he may exhibit himself entirely to your satisfaction, on sound and hard ground, there may be some invisible cause which will render him a valueless brute, when ridden in a deep country. I was once completely taken in myself, in a purchase I made, and at a great price too, of a hunter which I had seen do a good day's work over the Cotswold hills, in the month of March, which proved not worth twenty pounds to carry my weight in the vale of Bicester. Let me then advise my readers never to purchase a hunter, without having a taste of him in soft ground, and the following is the best method of obtaining it. Take him into a field of which part is ploughed and part in stubble or grass, the latter quite sound and the former soft and tender. Let him gallop under you from the sound ground to the deep, and if he flinches much under you in the deep, do not have anything to say to him. The power to "go well in dirt," as the term is, as well as over ridge and furrow, is absolutely necessary in a hunter.

Again, as to the form in which a hunter should go over a country, there are, as may be supposed, various opinions amongst sportsmen. Some contend that he cannot carry his head too high, provided he be obedient to the hand, but I like a horse to carry his head low,—and for these reasons. First, he goes more easily to himself, as going in his natural state : secondly, he sees grips, and holes, and ant-hills, and all other uneven surfaces in the ground over which he passes, as also blind ditches, as they are called, and all others as well : thirdly, he is generally a high timber leaper, and for this plain reason : a plank, placed in equilibrio, cannot rise at one end, unless it sinks at the other, neither can a horse, who leaps at a high fence with his head very high, throw up his hinder parts so high, as when his head is lower.

I will now describe what I consider the principal defects in a hunter. I never buy a horse with a loose neck, slack loins, pinned elbows or straight hind legs. I never buy one with doubtful eyes, nor with only one eye, however good he may be in all other re-

spects ; the worst fall I ever had was from a one-eyed horse, and it was thus occasioned. He received a scratch in the good eye, by a thorn in a strong fence, which occasioned it to fill with water, and, consequently, having only an imperfect sight, he fell headlong over a strong oaken stile.

I never buy a horse who makes any noise in his throat, or his nose, either of which brings him under the denomination of a whistler, and is the first step to a roarer. Such a defect cannot be got rid of, and although I have seen many good hunters, whistlers, and even roarers, I am always apprehensive of the defect increasing, knowing that it cannot decrease. If I try a horse out of a dealer's stables, I always make allowance for his condition, in reference to his wind ; and do not condemn him as a bad-winded horse, because he may soon appear to be blown, when put to quick work, but I like to hear him snort strongly when pulled up, and recover himself quickly. When a horse exerts himself powerfully, a more ample supply of blood is required to sustain the energies of life, and the action of the muscles forces the blood more rapidly through the veins. Hence the quick and deep breathing of a horse at full speed ; hence the necessity of a capacious chest, in order to yield an adequate supply, and the connection of this capacity of the chest with the speed and endurance of the horse ; hence the wonderful relief which the mere loosening of the girth affords to a blown horse, enabling the chest to expand, and to contract to a greater extent, in order to yield more purified blood ; and hence the relief afforded by even a short period of rest—a mere “pull up” as we call it, for even a few minutes—during which this expenditure is not required, and the almost exhausted energies of these organs have time to recover. Here, then, appears the necessity of an ample chest for the accumulation of much flesh and fat ; for, if a considerable portion of the blood be thus rapidly changed, there must be provision for its rapid purification ; and that can only be effected by the increased bulk of the lungs, and the corresponding largeness of the chest, to contain them. I have gone, perhaps, somewhat at length, and technically, into this particular point, but it is a most material one as regards the hunter, or indeed any other description of horse from which great speed is required.

I likewise avoid hard pullers, they not only harass their rider but fatigue themselves ; and I am very careful in ascertaining that both sides of a horse's mouth are equally alive to the bit. The Italian proverb should always be borne in mind—namely, “He hath a good judgment, who doth not rely on his own,” and I should recommend my readers to take the opinion of some experienced sportsman, previous to giving high prices for hunters. I say “sportsman,” because I am convinced, that not more than one man in a hundred knows well what hunters should be, unless he has ridden them to hounds, many a day and oft. Let this, however, be a maxim. Buy them fresh on their legs, or you will surely repent of your bargain ; and when once you have got them into good condition, take care to keep them so.

NIMROD.

ON TRAINING THE RACE-HORSE.

BY COTHERSTONE.

Resumed from our last Number, page 655.

SWEATING.

This is an operation so essential in the art of training, that however unacquainted with the object, every tyro is conversant with the term, and even the most ignorant talk profoundly of the process. There are two principal motives for subjecting a horse that is to race, or any other animal destined to endure great exertion and perform feats of agility, to this ordeal; the one to unload the internal parts of the frame of all superfluous fat; and the other to free the body generally from the superabundance which is deposited among the muscles and the cellular membranes more immediately in contact with the external coat:—the first to give freedom to the respiratory organs, and set free the circulation; the second to increase the power and promote the enduring faculty of the muscles. All the superfluous internal fat which loads the parts surrounding the lungs and the heart must be carried off, in order to accomplish the first object; and nearly the same process will have a similar effect on the second point.

A horse may appear full of flesh without being muscular, that is, without the muscles possessing their full force of action and development, which cannot exist without exercise and that taken to a considerable extent. Fat may be described as the superfluous and oily portions of the blood, or perhaps more correctly termed an excess of certain properties which the blood is composed of, destined to produce the substance, and is found to be deposited in certain cells or reservoirs, being carried there by vessels adapted to that purpose, from the extremities of the arteries; thus the condition of the blood is so thoroughly identified with the animal, that whatever happens to disarrange or injure its quality must be attended with equivalent indisposition.

It is evident that the fatty particles are constantly being renewed by a deposit in the vessels which are ordained for its reception; they appear to afford some degree of support to the constitution, because long fasting is found to decrease the quantity very considerably.

Fat is found in the region of the stomach, about the kidneys, at the basis of the heart, and in the interstices of the muscles; in all which places it has the effect of impeding the function of those particular organs, when deposited in excessive quantities. The ordinary purpose of this oily humour appears to be for supplying moisture to all the parts with which it is surrounded. In moderate quantities, it facilitates the action of the muscles; besides which, it defends them from attrition, or, more familiarly expressing the

action, from friction. Thus it is clear that, whilst it is desirable to reduce its quantity within the bounds of moderation, it would be injurious to carry that process to an unlimited extent. That certain ordinations of nature will not suffer to be interfered with, is a principle which must be acknowledged on this occasion; and, when it is known that the substance in question is constantly being renewed, by its own power of absorption and peculiar faculty of depositing itself in such situations where it is required, it is very evident that constant propensity to renewal would not have been established unless its presence to a certain extent was essentially necessary.

It is on such occasions as these that the reason of man can be brought advantageously into co-operation with the faculties of nature, to increase the powers of animals and appropriate them to his use. So much of the superiority of the horse is dependent upon the muscular system, that it cannot be too minutely enquired into. The muscles are the means by which all the movements of the body are performed; anything, therefore, which tends to disarrange any of their functions must of necessity produce an equivalent difficulty of action, and thereby operate most powerfully on the speed of the animal.

The fibres of which muscles are composed are said to be placed in different directions, as, for example, some are parallel with the tendons, others run in an oblique direction, and some have the fibres running across or intersecting each other. That substance which we call flesh may be denominated the body of the muscle, the extremities of which, contracting into a more dense and a firmer substance, are distinguished by the name of tendon. These muscles are supplied with an immense number of blood-vessels and nerves. That peculiarity and delicacy of structure, combined with the circumstance of all motion being dependent upon the action of the muscles, is another reason for paying the utmost attention to the state of the circulation, as being productive of muscular power.

The origin of muscular action is a phenomenon which man has not yet been permitted to ascertain. Muscles possess a striking, a wonderful, and an unaccountable difference in their means of action. With some it is voluntary; as, for example, a man in health can move his arm or his leg, and by a succession of motions accomplish various evolutions, according to his desires; but how our desire to move any particular limb is effected, that is, from whence it takes place, remains a mystery. Nature in this, as she has done in many other instances, seems to have drawn a boundary to our investigation, beyond which, in all probability, human penetration will never be permitted to extend.

The heart, which is a muscular body, is not, however, subject to voluntary action; it continues its office night and day, so long as the blessing of life is allowed. Neither men or animals have any control over the action of their hearts, and if any violent measures are resorted to to operate upon its functions, fatal consequences must arise. The lungs, however, appear to be endowed with a twofold property; they may be said to possess a mixed power of

motion, as they are in some measure influenced by the will, because a man may hold his breath, during which period their action is restrained, but that can only be for a short time, and if violently constrained for a lengthened term, will produce the same consequences as any event might which had the effect of stopping the muscular action of the heart, and likewise produce death.

Increase of bulk does not always indicate increase of power; if it arises from an accumulation of fat it has an opposite effect, because it does not contribute to augment the volume of the muscles of which the limbs are composed, but by filling up the interstices may deceive an unpractised eye. At the same time, the muscles by constant work become more perfectly developed as they are liberated from the accumulated deposit. A healthy man or horse who is least disposed to be fat is generally muscular, and is usually endowed with muscle of a strong, fine, and firm texture.

According to the opinion of anatomists, when the action of the arteries is increased by active labor, the blood becomes more fluid. This is a reasonable proposition to imagine, because if it were not so, animals would be in danger of bursting the vessels whenever they were put to accelerated motion. Thus the economy of the system is preserved throughout, and arranged for the accommodation of each function; so that danger is not readily at hand unless courted by the indiscretion of man, or created by some unavoidable accident.

It is advisable with most horses to prepare them on the day previously to sweating in much the same way as if they were intended to run. If of a good average constitution, and quite well, a good steady gallop may with propriety be exacted at the usual time for exercise; the length and pace must be regulated by the judgment of the trainer or person who directs such matters, but on general occasions from one mile and a half to a mile and three-quarters may be taken as the standard, commencing at a steady pace nearly or quite half-way, and augmented by degrees to three-parts speed to the end. The stomach and bowels must not be overloaded, or the consequences will not be exempt from danger. The quantity of water which is to be given at the time of going to stable in the evening must not exceed thirty or thirty-five go-downs, and the allowance of hay must be restricted to a single or double handful at the utmost; after that is eaten, if a gluttonous feeder and in the habit of eating the litter, the muzzle must be put on, but if it can be dispensed with, so much the better, as it is very apt to make horses whose tempers are readily excited very nervous, and the reminiscences frequently produce effects when the preparation for a race renders the use of the muzzle more imperative, which are difficult to contend with.

The process of sweating is carried on by galloping the horse in a quantity of clothing, the proportion of which must be guided by the state of the weather, the condition of the animal, and, as connected with that, the degree of reduction sought for. The peculiar characteristics of the horse, such as the points where he is most loaded, will determine how the sweaters are to be adapted.

Thus, if he be heavy about his neck and shoulders, a breast-sweater will be required; this is usually made by dividing a common rug down the middle, and sewing two ends together. Whatever clothing the horse is to sweat in, in putting it on, the rug or rugs are to be put on the body first; one end of the breast-sweater is then placed transversely on the horse's back, over the clothing on the near side, just behind the shoulders, so that it may be secured by the saddle; it is then brought forward across the chest, turned over the neck, passed again forward across the chest, and carried to the off side, so that the end may fall into precisely the same place on that side as the other commenced with. The saddle is then adjusted, great attention being observed that all the rugs or sweaters lie perfectly smooth. The bridle is then put on; over that the required number of hoods. Such other appointments, as bandages or boots, as the horse is accustomed to in his ordinary exercise must not be forgotten. Dry clothing is to be taken to the scene of action, unless it be so near to the stables that the horse returns to them to be scraped; in either case it must be prepared so as to be in readiness when the ceremony of scraping has been performed. The usual mode of proceeding is to fold up the quarter-piece once, lay it in a stall or other convenient place; the hood and breast-cloth are then laid upon it, and some dry hay-bands. They are to be all rolled up in the quarter-piece, and two rubbers tied around it; the things are thus conveniently carried without any apprehension of their being lost. A bottle full of water, a scraper, and a sponge, complete the paraphernalia, all of which must be carried either on a hook or by a boy in attendance, or upon occasion may be taken on the horse about to be sweated; that is, if he be tolerably quiet, because as the lad who rides him must take the bundle of clothing before him, it is obvious that any difficulty he may have to contend against in managing the horse will be increased by the attention requisite in supporting the burden which he has in charge. Three persons ought to be at hand whenever a horse is scraped after sweating, one to hold his head, and the other two to rub him dry; the trainer or head lad usually occupies the first post, and when two or more horses sweat together, divides his time between each, assisting and directing as he may see fit.

Before starting to sweat, a horse should walk at least half an hour, when he takes a steady canter, about half a mile, to prepare him for the ordeal which he is about to undergo; after which, having walked again for a short time, he is in a fit state to proceed to the place of starting and go over the sweat, the distance of which must be varied according to circumstances. The judgment shown on this point will very materially determine whether the individual who has the management is competent to the task of training a race-horse. Many there are who sweat horses at stated periods, whether they want it or not; and others there are who neglect it when necessary, because they fancy the usual time has not elapsed since the last event took place; and thus they make a practice of working by rule that which is constantly subject to

various casualties, and which ought to convince them that no such principles can act equally, even with the same horse, under different circumstances, more especially with several of opposite constitutions. From three to five miles are the distances assigned to this purpose, and the former is quite far enough for any horse to go at first. As he gets into higher condition, if he happens to be a strong-constituted horse, five miles will on some occasions be necessary; but great caution should always be observed never to require more from him than his constitution, temper, and courage can safely endure. It is far better that he be sweated more frequently than that he ever be over-worked on one day; an event which he will perhaps not overcome in constitution for a considerable length of time, and perhaps will not forget as long as he lives.

The first mile of the distance ought to be gone over at a very moderate pace, gradually increasing it to the conclusion, when it may be carried on to a little more than half speed, during the last half or perhaps three-quarters of a mile. The objects in sweating horses are to reduce their bulk, or, with light-fleshed horses, which are generally sweated stripped, to send them a distance for the sake of rendering their lasting powers effectual. Some horses sweat much more readily than others, a circumstance which must not be forgotten; others there are that appear very difficult to sweat, that will be found to be considerably reduced in their bulk on the following day. These phenomena are identified with the constitution; therefore the treatment must be regulated accordingly. When the horse has gone the distance required, and is pulled up, his mouth should be washed with water from the bottle, as it will greatly refresh him, at the same time that it will induce him to break out more copiously. When two or more horses sweat together (and it is desirable that they should, if it can be so arranged), the lad who is most experienced as to pace should ride the one that is to cut out the work; and if there be any difference in the disposition of the animals, the one which is the freest goer will be put to lead; if he be of an impetuous disposition, that arrangement is imperative. Other horses there are which require some excitement to induce them to go at the necessary pace; that may be accomplished by another horse going up to them at a certain distance from home, challenging them, and running on to the end with them, by way of encouragement. Sometimes this is done with the horses which are going together over the sweat, but whether that be desirable or not depends upon circumstances. If one be a very free horse, his powers will be sacrificed to the interest of his companion, which is not fair; and it is much more commendable to let some other horse which may not be sweating fall in at whatever distance he is intended to gallop, and thus he will be doing his own regular work, at the same time that he is assisting as a schoolmaster to the other. It is at all times an experiment which should be cautiously encountered; nothing tends more to the destruction of a horse's courage than the impolitic system of hustling him when he is in difficulty. If he really be

distressed by the pace and distance which he may have been required to perform, and another horse comes up and runs with him whilst he is in distress, it will very probably sour his temper, and be the cause of his shutting up when running a race. If men would on all occasions assign to horses that degree of sagacity which they merit, this and similar errors would be avoided. There cannot be a greater error in this operation than that of suffering horses to go over-fast, especially at the commencement. If a horse becomes blown, he will never sweat half so freely as he ought to do; and consequently, if subjected to such treatment, comes to the post stale on his legs and heavy in his body.

London Sporting Review for October, 1843.

Notes of the Month.

DECEMBER.

Sales of Stock at the Fairs of the American Institute.—Our respected neighbor of the "American Agriculturist," gives, in his last number, a review of the late annual Fair of the Institute, in which after dwelling at some length upon the character and appearance of the Stock exhibited, he proceeds to remark as follows:—

After the Show was over, a considerable number of sales were made at fair prices, and more would have been effected, had it not been announced by Mr. Miller, that a sale at auction would take place the next day. With this the American Institute had nothing to do, and their officers publicly disavowed any sanction whatever of it; but as their contract for the Gardens ended on the evening of the *second* day of the Show, of course they had no control in the matter, and if parties chose to sell on the *third* day, they could not help it. Considerable dissatisfaction was expressed by those who did not wish to sell their stock at auction, and we are authorized by the officers of the Institute to say thus much to free them from any blame in the matter. We look upon the auction system of sales upon an occasion like this as *decidedly bad*, and the stockmen ought to put their faces against it. Fair sales we believe never have been made under the hammer at the show-yard, and we are free to say that they never will be; the moment animals are thus put up, gentlemen at once become shy to purchase, and will not bid with half the confidence and liberality as at a private sale. It is much better for the contracting parties to meet each other face to face, and make their own bargains; and it is the intention of the Institute to engage their grounds for three days another year, so as to give those time enough, bringing stock here, to conduct their sales in a private way. In attending the different agricultural shows this season, many things have occurred to us which, if adopted, we are satisfied would be a great improvement. We shall revert to this subject hereafter.

We regret that our contemporary should have taken this view of the subject of auction sales, as do several of his best friends among the breeders of this section. One of the prominent objects of an annual Fair—as we understand it—is to bring together a great variety of the best stock of the country, which of itself is inducement sufficient to attract the attention and command the attendance of a great number of breeders, and agriculturists generally. Instead of disposing of the stock at private sale, at long prices, it has hitherto been the

boast of the friends of the Institute that not only was the best stock offered for sale but that it was sold at public auction, so that small breeders and farmers had an opportunity of making purchases at prices within their means. It has been understood that, prompted by the most praiseworthy and patriotic impulses, several of the most distinguished breeders in this section have cheerfully parted with drafts of their herds, by sales at auction, which would have commanded three times the amount at private sale. One gentleman, in particular, who is anxious to improve the stock of the country, and to give eclat to the Institute, annually orders his surplus stock to be sold at auction at whatever price it will fetch, so that small farmers may have an opportunity of purchasing cheap. He does not shut out, to be sure, any one, from the competition, but it would hardly be deemed fair or honorable for gentlemen of large means to be seen bidding and running up the price of the animals, when aware that their owner was selling at a sacrifice, from the purest and best motives. At the late Fair, the gentleman referred to, sold at auction for \$42,50, a Durham calf, about six months old, which, at private sale, would have commanded \$200, and to which was awarded the Gold Medal, as the best of its class exhibited. An application, within our knowledge, was made for its purchase at private sale. "Not for five thousand dollars," was the reply; "it will be sold at auction for what it will bring." Last year the same circumstance occurred, with the same eminent and public spirited individual, who sold a yearling Durham bull for \$50 at auction, which would have sold at private sale for four or five times as much. We should like to have the opinion of our correspondents on this subject.

SALES OF BLOOD STOCK AT NASHVILLE.

Our special correspondent at Nashville, Tenn., furnishes the following report of the sale of the valuable Blood Stock of Lucius J. Polk, Esq., and the late Rufus K. Polk, at that place, during the late races:—

<i>Fop</i> , grey stallion, imported in 1836; by Stumps, dam by Fitzjames, out of Imp. Leviathan's dam by Windle, &c.—Sold to Gen. W. T. HARDING.....	\$2000
<i>Ambassador</i> , ch. c., the winner of the "Alabama Stakes," by Plenipotentiary, out of Imp. Jenny Mills by Whisker, 4 yrs.—JOHN R. BRANCH, Esq.....	3950
<i>Trinket</i> , brood mare, imported in 1838, by Godolphin, out of Filagree, with a filly at her foot by Imp. Ainderby, and in foal to Imp. Priam—Maj. J. M. HUGER, of Mobile, Ala.....	800
<i>Vaga</i> , ch. m. imported; by Lismahago, out of Lady Byron by Sir Ulric, and in foal to Imp. Fop—JAMES PORTER, Esq., of La.....	100
<i>Rosalind</i> , b. m., imported; by Paulowitz, out of Isadora by Blucher; stunted to Imp. Fop—Maj. J. M. HUGER, of Ala.....	210
<i>Defence</i> , ch. c. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Ainderby, out of Imp. Rosalind—Judge MILLER.....	155
<i>Cypress</i> , ch. c. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Jenny Mills by Whisker—L. BRIEN, Esq.....	510
<i>Vagabond</i> , ch. c. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Ainderby, out of Imp. Vaga—L. BRIEN, Esq.....	155
<i>Raleigh</i> , br. g. 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Ainderby—Imp. Tunica—J. H. WILSON, Esq.....	230
<i>Miss Garforth</i> , ch. f. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Ainderby—Famine by Arab—H. CLARKSON, Esq.....	205
<i>Cutlass</i> , gr. t. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Glencoe—Imp. Venetia—THOS. KIRKMAN, Esq.....	290
<i>Gr. f.</i> 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Ainderby, out of Lelia Burns—V. K. STEVENSON, Esq.....	210
<i>Bauble</i> , ch. f. 2 yrs. old, by Eclipse, out of Imp. Trinket—R. R. MORSE, Esq., of Miss Ch. f., yearling, by Imp. Ainderby, out of Imp. Trinket—Geo. W. CHEATHAM, Esq.....	255
<i>Purity</i> , br. f. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Ainderby, out of Betsey Martin by Giles Scroggins—BENJ. JOHNSON.....	301
<i>The Colonel's Daughter</i> , b. f. 4 yrs. old, by The Colonel, out of Imp. Variella, sister to Voltaire—JAS. H. WILSON.....	525
<i>Vagrant</i> , ch. c. 4 yrs. old, by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Vaga—Geo. W. MARTIN, of Miss.....	610

Our Nashville correspondent furnishes a report of the following sales of Stock the property of E. H. BOARDMAN, Esq., of Huntsville, Ala.

<i>Adana</i> , ch. m., imported in 1837; by Sultan, out of Rachel—Sold to Hon. M. P. GENTRY.	
<i>Amina</i> , b. m., imported in 1837; by Gaberlunzie—Luna—Col. ROBT. ELLIOTT, of Ala.	
<i>B. m.</i> , bred by Mr. Burgess, imported in 1836; by Woful, out of Allegretta—Col. B. JOHNSON, of Tenn.	
<i>The Nun's Daughter</i> , br. m., imported in 1837; by Filho da Puta, dam by Rubens—Col. P. M. BUTLER, of S. C.	
<i>Hope</i> , ch. m., imported in 1837; by Rubens, dam by Haphazard—Dr. D. T. McGAVOCK.	
<i>Vamp</i> , br. m., imported in 1835; by Langar—Wire (sister to Whisker)—G. W. POLK, of Tenn.	
<i>B. f.</i> by Imp. Consul, by Woful, out of Allegretta, 4 yrs.—M. R. COCKERILL.	
<i>Br. f.</i> by Imp. Consul, out of b. m. by Olympus, 4 yrs.—Col. B. JOHNSON.	

"*Cavalry Movements*" at Nashville.—Our correspondent writes that *Liatuna*, by Imp. Anderoy, out of Imp. Jenny Mills, has gone into the stable of THOMAS KIRKMAN, Esq.

The b. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Exotic, 3 yrs., was sold at auction, and bought by Gen. W. G. HARDING, for \$161.

Ambassador, the winner of the Alabama Stake, has gone into the stable of Capt. HENRY M. CLAY, of Nashville, under the charge of JOHN NICHOLLS, his trainer.

Trinket, the 4 yr. old filly by Andrew, out of Wagner's dam, has been disposed of to Gov. BUTLER, who will take her to Louisiana.

Mr. Kirkman's Stable—We hear that Van Leer has left Nashville with Mr. Kirkman's stable, for Plaquemine, Louisiana; it comprises Peytona, Cracovienne, Saartin, Liatuna, and several others. He will take up his quarters there until the 1st of Dec., and then go down to New Orleans.

SHERIDAN vs. ANDREWS—The long anticipated Foot Race of 100 Yards, between Sheridan, of the Gymnasium, and Geo. H. Andrews, late of the Tremont Theatre, came off lately at the East Boston Cricket and Archery Grounds. The race was won by Sheridan by "about a foot," in 9½ seconds. Andrews lately carried off the prize of a silver cup, given by the "Robin Hood Archers" for the best shot. We are glad to hear that "George" has got so good "a shot in his locker."

Stopping Runaway Horses.—It appears that at a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, a communication was made respecting a new, and, as it is stated, perfectly efficacious mode of preventing horses from taking flight and running away when in harness. Hitherto, several means, all of them imperfect, have been devised to prevent accidents of this nature. One of them most in favor is a mechanism for detaching horses from the traces, and setting them suddenly free, but the mechanism is not always certain in its action: and it can be easily comprehended that, if the horse take fright on a descent, the sudden detaching of the carriage may be attended with very great danger. The author of the paper before the Academy proposes a very simple remedy. Having remarked that horses rarely take fright at night (the paper says never, but this is a mistake, for there have been instances of the kind), the author imagined that all that was necessary, in order to check a horse when running away, was to cause him to be visited with temporary blindness; and in order to do this, he contrived, by means of a spring connected with the reins, to cover the eyes suddenly. This was done when the animals were at the top of their speed, and the result was their instantaneous stoppage; for the light being suddenly excluded, horses no more rush forward, he says, without seeing their way, than would a man afflicted with blindness. The theory of the invention is so reasonable that we are strongly disposed to believe in the practicable utility of it, and we sincerely trust that we may not be disappointed.

Fanny Wyatt—This fine performer, so well known throughout the country, from her great race with Lady Clifden, Picton, and Mingo, on Long Island, recently died in Virginia. She has left two colts of the highest promise.

MR. YOUTT, the principal editor of the London "Veterinarian," and author of the standard work on "The Horse"—two or three editions of which have been published in this country—is said to be engaged on a work intended to be a history of "The Dog." As the "friend" of man, dogs stand eminently conspicuous, from the time that they were sculptured at the feet of the Lares, protecting with them the domestic threshold, down to Byrons, whose epitaph, though framed in misanthropy was based on truth. In our sports he is the "fidus Achates;" in the northern regions he is the animal of draught, harnessed to the sledge; and in all countries he is the preserver of our life in one of the most magnificent developments of his species. Mr. Youatt tells us that "he has seen a Newfoundland dog who, on five distinct occasions, preserved the life of a human being: and it is said of the noble quadruped, whose remains constitute one of the most interesting specimens in the museum of Berne, that forty persons were rescued by him from impending destruction."

The Racing Calendar.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C., MOUNT VERNON COURSE.

After all the announcements and advertisements, and paragraphs, upon the subject of Fashion's meeting Register and Regent, at the Mount Vernon Course, the whole thing has fallen through! After teasing and badgering, and challenging, the Northern Champion to come within sight of the Old Dominion, she is ingloriously allowed to *walk over* when she accepts of the invitation! Yes, to walk over for the Jockey Club Purse with Register, Blue Dick, and other cracks, within one hour's travel of the course! With many others in this city, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, we thank our lucky stars we were not of the number who were humbugged into making the journey by the "gammon and spinnach" of Colonel Mershon's handbills and advertisements. His repeated announcements, through the local papers and in handbills, up to the very day before the race, that "Register *certain*, and probably others," would meet Fashion, are scandalous to the last degree. On the 5th instant, the day before the race was to have come off, he published the following "Card," in large type, in the Alexandria "Gazette:"—

The anxiety of some men to attend more minutely to the business of others than to their own, has induced them, *very* kindly, to imagine that there would be no competitor to start against Fashion on Friday next. I have no time to thank those gentlemen for their most charitable speculations, but simply to inform the Public (through the Gazette) that Register *certain*, and probably others, will meet her ladyship on that day, animated by a laudable ambition, and cherishing a hope that he is second to none.

Alexandria, Oct. 5.

WM. MERSHON,
Proprietor Race Course.

We suspect that Mershon's advertisement of an *Inside Stake* of \$500 each between Fashion, Register, and Regent, was also entirely unauthorized by the parties, yet he published it in several papers.

The annexed particulars of the meeting are all that have reached us:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 3, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$100 each. h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. John M. McCarty's c. *Grasshopper*, by Imp. Emancipation 1 1
Competitors unknown. Time, 2:02—2:03.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Ed. J. Wilson's br. c. *Gosport*, by Imp. Margrave, dam by Imp. Valentine, 4 yrs.... 1 1
Competitors unknown. Time, 1:54—1:54½.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 4—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Samuel Laird's (J. Longstreet's) ch. h. *Clarion*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, aged..... Jos. Laird. 1 1

Mr. Brooke's *Mountaineer* * *

T. R. S. Boyce's b. m. *Modesty* * *

Time, 3:59½—3:53½.

Here is Mershon's advertisement of Thursday's sport:—

THIRD DAY, Thursday—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, two mile heats, sub. \$200 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. This stake closed the 15th Sept. with only two subs., therefore it will be kept open for further entries until Monday, the 2d day of Oct., by consent of parties. The Proprietor will pay a forfeit sooner than miss the race, though I am satisfied there will be two more entries.

No race took place!

FRIDAY, Oct. 6—Purse \$1000, conditions as before, and, according to the Proprietor's advertisements and handbills, "an Inside Stake of \$500 each between Fashion, Register, and Regent." Four mile heats.

S. Laird's (William Gibbons') ch. m. *Fashion*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 6 yrs..... walked over,

We have already expressed our belief that the inside stake was "a bounce!" As to the purse of \$1000, however, we understand the payment of it was gua-

ranted should Fashion win it, and we add, in all sincerity, we wish she may get it!

The "National Intelligencer," speaking of this matter, remarks that

The Mount Vernon Course on Friday last was covered with an immense company of visitors, some of whom had travelled sixty miles, in the hope and expectation of witnessing the great race between Fashion and Register; but the company was destined to undergo a severe disappointment, as no competitor of that celebrated and fortunate racer appeared on the course. Lady Fashion was, however, exhibited to the view of the numerous company, and was galloped round the course merely for the amusement of the spectators, who followed her around the circle with eager curiosity.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Three subs. at \$100 each, P. P., and \$100 added by the proprietor. Two mile heats.

James M. P. Newby's ch. c. <i>Winchester</i> , by Clifton, dam by Contention, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Col. Wm. Duvall's br. h. <i>St. Pierre</i> , by Pamunky, dam by Lafayette, 6 yrs.....	2	2
G. W. Williams' b. m. <i>Duchess</i> , by Coronet, dam by Tariff, 5 yrs.....	pd.	ft.

Time, 3:51—3:55.

The "National Intelligencer" says of this race that

It was a well contested race, both horses running neck to neck for some length of time. After the race, the members of the Jockey Club, and a number of other gentlemen, amounting to nearly one hundred persons, sat down to a sumptuous dinner, prepared in handsome style by Mr. Walker of the National Refectory, and Mr. Lafon, of this city. The day being very fine and the course being in good order, the company seemed highly to enjoy themselves, notwithstanding the great disappointment occasioned by a failure of the great race between Fashion and Register, as publicly announced in the newspapers of the District.

SATURDAY, Oct. 7—Purse \$250, ent. 10 per cent. added, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

B. G. Harris' (Dr. Neal's) b. h. <i>Rienzi</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Peggy White by Diomed, 7 yrs.....	1	1
Mr. —'s ch. h. <i>Tom Walker</i> , by Marylander, dam by Rattler, aged.....	2	*

Time not stated. * Sulked, and was stopped.

A correspondent of the Alexandria "Gazette," the editor of which, Mr. SNOWDEN, is the mayor of the city, remarks in the course of a communication on the subject, "the incidents of the last week connected with the announcements of the race with Fashion would, it is presumed, destroy any race course," and the writer congratulates his fellow citizens that the one there, under Mershon's management, is effectually used up.

RICHMOND, VA., BROAD ROCK COURSE.

We are indebted to the courteous attention of a friend for the annexed report of the Broad Rock meeting, which we have not seen alluded to in the Richmond papers.

TUESDAY, Oct. 3, 1843—Purse \$100, ent. \$10, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs 4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Isham Puckett's b. m. <i>Maria Shelton</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Director, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Geo. Walden's ch. c. <i>Alexander</i> , by Bucanier, dam by Contention, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Col. Wm R. Johnson's gr. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Ironette by Contention, 4 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 1:53—1:54.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 4—Purse \$150, ent. \$15, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Isham Puckett's b. f. <i>Fanny Robertson</i> , by Imp. Priam—Arietta by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Dr. Kennon's b. c. by Imp. Priam, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Otway P. Hare's ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Canary by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	2	3
John Cheatham's b. h. by Imp. Priam, out of Mischief by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 3:53—3:57.

THURSDAY, Oct. 5—Purse \$300, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Thos. D. Watson's ch. m. <i>Yellow Rose</i> , by Andrew, out of Tuberosa by Arab, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Geo. Walden's bl. h. <i>Black Duck</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Pamunky, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Isham Puckett's b. f. by Andrew, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 5:52—5:56.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match for \$1000, P. P. Two mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of the dam of Josephus and Telemachus by Virginian, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Dr. Thos. Payne's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Multiflora by Director, 3 yrs...	2	2

Time, 3:53—3:59.

A good week's sport. The races were well contested, and the weather fine. T. P.

WASHINGTON, D. C., NATIONAL COURSE.

We are indebted to the "National Intelligencer" for the substance of the annexed report.

TUESDAY, Oct. 10, 1843—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's br. c. <i>Gosport</i> , by Imp. Margrave, out of Miss Valentine by Imp. Valentine, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
A. S. Grigsby's bl. h. <i>St. Pierre</i> , by Pamunky, dam by Lafayette, 6 yrs.....	4	3	2
W. Mershon's (Wm. H. Noland's) b. f. <i>Gulnare</i> , by Ivanhoe, out of own sister to Sarah Washington, 4 yrs.....	3	4	3
H. Linthicum's b. c. by Mazeppa, dam by Goliath, 3 yrs.....	2	2	dist.
Col. Forbes' ch. c. <i>Gwinn</i> , by Hampton, dam by Rob Roy, 3 yrs.....	5	5	dist.
Time, 1:54—1:54½—1:57.			

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 11—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Samuel Laird's (J. Longstreet's) ch. h. <i>Clarion</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, aged.....	Jos. Laird.	3	1	1
Col. Francis Thompson's gr. f. <i>Kate Harris</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler, 4 yrs.....		1	2	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>Senator</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs..		2	3	3
Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Medora by John Richards, 3 yrs..		4	dist.	
Time, 3:49½—3:47—3d heat not reported.				

This is said to have been an unusually fine race, affording high diversion to all the votaries of the turf who were present. The contest lay between the three first named horses, Clarion being the favourite; bets were made largely upon him against the field. When the horses, however, appeared on the course, Senator became the favourite, and odds were given in his favor against any named horse. To the astonishment, however, of the knowing ones, Kate Harris won the first heat in three minutes and forty-nine and a half seconds, Senator pushing her to the winning post, Clarion being third, and the bay colt just saving his distance. Bets now ran largely on Kate Harris against the field. At the second heat the horses came up in fine style, Kate Harris taking the lead and retaining her position to the back stretch of the second mile; Clarion then made a brush at her and passed her, winning the heat by about a length and a half, in the unusually short time of three minutes and forty seven seconds. Kate Harris, the second in this heat, Senator third, the Bay colt distanced. Betting again changed, and Clarion was the favourite against the field. He took the lead and kept it to the end. Kate Harris second, and Senator third. The race course was more numerously attended to-day, and those sportsmen who were present had a most gratifying day of it.

THURSDAY, Oct. 12—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Col. J. P. White's) gr. h. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 6 yrs.....	1	1
Col. Francis Thompson's b. h. <i>Pryor</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 5:52—5:57.		

Blue Dick, it seems, dodged Fashion, after all the hue and cry made about his "catching her away from home!" He beat Pryor with ease.

FRIDAY, Oct. 13—Purse \$500, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Samuel Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. m. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner and Yamacraw's dam) by Sir Charles, 6 yrs.....	Jos. Laird.	1	1
J. M. P. Newby's ch. h. <i>Winchester</i> , by Clifton, dam by Contention, 5 yrs.....		3	2
Col. Duvall's (Dr. Neal's) b. h. <i>Rienzi</i> , by Imp. Autocrat—Peggy White, 7 yrs....		2	dr
Time, 8:10—8:07.			

Of this race (!) the "National Intelligencer" speaks as follows:—

There were probably not less than three thousand persons on the Washington Course yesterday to witness the race between the celebrated mare Fashion, Winchester, and Rienzi. The ladies attended in great number—their stand being crowded. We also noticed several ladies in private carriages. The President of the United States and family, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Attorney General, honored the course with their presence. The course and stands presented altogether a more lively and animated spectacle than has been witnessed here since the days of Eclipse and Sir Charles. The race came off at the appointed hour, 2 o'clock. The contending racers started handsomely, Fashion taking the lead, followed closely by Rienzi, Winchester running within his distance. In this position they remained during the first heat.—Time, 8:10. The second heat was contested by Fashion and Winchester, Rienzi being lame, was withdrawn. During this heat, for nearly a mile, the running caused consid

derable excitement, Winchester making great exertions, and running neck and neck with his gallant competitor. But this did not last long, Fashion again taking the lead and retaining it to the end.

BALTIMORE, MD., KENDALL COURSE

TUESDAY, Oct. 17, 1843—The Ladies' Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.

Nine subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.	
Otway P. Hare's ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Canary by Sir Charles	1 1
S. C. Reese's (Dr. Thos. Payne's) ch. f. by Imp. Priam—Agnes by Mons. Tonson ..	2 2
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. f. by Drone, out of Écarte by Eclipse	3 3
Thos. D. Watson's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Tuberose	p.ft.
Townes & Williamson's by Imp. Priam, out of Sally Eubanks	p.ft.
Col. Francis Thompson's gr. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Laura by Rob Roy	p.ft.
Col. Wm. L. White's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Cosset by Sir Charles	p.ft.
P. A. Prindle's b. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Sir Charles	p.ft.
Henry K. Toler's ch. f. by Imp. Trustee, out of Gipsey	p.ft.

Time, 3:56—4:00.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, carrying 3 yr. olds' weights. Five subs. at \$25 each, h. ft. One mile.

John Goodwin's (J. Campbell's) nomination by Critic	0 1
T. R. S. Boyce's nomination	0 2
George Loudenslager's nomination	0 0

Time, 1:58—2:00.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18—Proprietor's Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three mile heats

E. J. Wilson's b. c. <i>Gosport</i> , by Imp. Margrave, out of Miss Valentine, by Imp. Valentine, 4 yrs	2 1 1
Otway P. Hare's (Thos. D. Watson's) b. m. <i>Yellow Rose</i> , by Andrew, out of Tuberose by Arab, 5 yrs	1 2 2
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. h. <i>Hector Bell</i> , by Drone—Mary Randolph by Gohanna, 6 y dist.	
S. J. Logwood's bl. h. <i>Black Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Pamunky, 5 yrs... dist.	

Time, 5:54—5:51—5:59.

THURSDAY, Oct. 19—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>The Colonel</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. My Lady (Passenger's dam) by Comus, 3 yrs	rec. ft.
F. R. S. Boyce's c.	pd. ft.
T. R. S. Boyce's ch. c.	pd. ft.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>The Colonel</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	1 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>Senator</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs ...	2 2
Otway P. Hare's (J. Goodrum's) b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Virginia, 3 yrs	3 3
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. h. <i>Hector Bell</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs	4 dist
H. Linthicum's b. c. by Mazeppa, dam by Goliath, 3 yrs	5 dr
J. Goodwin's b. c. <i>Walter</i> , by Mazeppa, out of Josephine, h yrs	6 dr
J. W. McPherson's c. <i>Christmas George</i> , by Pamunky, 4 yrs	dist.

Time, 3:47—3:48.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$800, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Samuel Laird's (William Gibbons') ch. m. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 6 yrs	<i>Jos. Laird.</i> 1 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Col. J. P. White's) gr. h. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 6 yrs	<i>Craig</i> 2 dr

Time of first mile	1:55
" " second mile	1:53½
" " third mile	1:52
" " fourth mile	1:55

Time of the Heat - - - - - 7:35½

SATURDAY, Oct. 21—Purse \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's b. g. by Imp. Emancipation, 3 yrs	2 1 1
H. Linthicum's b. c. by Imp. Priam, dam by Goliath, 3 yrs	1 2 2
T. W. McPherson's b. m., 6 yrs	dist.

Time, 1:50—1:53—1:57.

NATCHITOCHES, LOUISIANA.

The annual Fall Meeting of the N. J. Club commenced on Monday, the 23d October. The turn-out was splendid and no track in the Union ever exhibited a greater display of beauty, wealth, and fashion, than the N. J. Club Course at this place. Too much credit cannot be given to Col. Blanchard, the President, and Mr. A. Leconte, the Vice President, for their untiring exertions to render it a point of sufficient attraction for the concourse of persons, who were in daily attendance. The arrangement of the stands, the beauty of the track, and the decorum observed by all the visitors cannot be too highly laud-

ed; gayety, sociability, and a determination to enjoy this rational sport was apparent in all. The course was crowded at an early hour, and we counted 180 ladies in the stand at 12 o'clock. The beauty of the day, the flying of our national flags, the inspiring music of the Italian Band, which was stationed in the Judges stand, together with the blaze of beauty arrayed opposite to us, was splendid and imposing in the extreme. In fact we believe that the history of *Old Nackitosh*, should commence from the 23d Oct. Such a week's sport was never seen by the oldest inhabitants of our village, and it was well it did not last longer, for *Horse Mania* was epidemic—some were violently affected, all partially; neither sex nor age was exempt, but with the termination of the Races, the disease was arrested, and we are now settling down to ordinary rationality.

MONDAY, Oct. 23, 1843—Purse \$150, ent. \$10, for 3 yr. olds that have been in the Parish one year, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.
 Lecomte & Co.'s br. c. *Picolo*, by Lord Byron, out of Nick Biddle's dam..... 2 1 1
 Wm. Hunter's b. f. *Huntress*, by Grey Eagle, dam by Constitution..... 3 dist.
 T. R. Linnard's (J. G. Campbell's) b. f. *Cutty Sark*, by Lord Byron, out of Kitty
 Clover by Eclipse..... 1 dr
 Time, 2:07—2:06.

Picolo was the favorite against the field. He shewed point and condition, and is really a very fine colt. *Cutty Sark* had some backers that she would take the Purse, but it was known that she had been taken up but a short time before the Race, and there was a want of confidence in her capacity for endurance among the betters. She is a beautiful animal of fine size and blood, and will certainly at some future time make a reputation for herself. The Grey Eagle filly was entered merely for the purpose of producing sport, her condition was notoriously bad—and her position in the race did not disappoint any one. Her enterprising owner has evinced a fondness for the turf, which promises a closer contest for the Colt Race at the next annual meeting.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match for \$100, put up and put up. One mile.
 Henry Hertzog's *Wild Cat Jr.*..... 1
 B. V. Cortes' *Old Sorrel*..... 2
 Time, 2:02.

This was a well contested race, *Wild Cat* winning by about three feet.

TUESDAY, Oct. 24—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

A. Carnell's (J. Chambers') Imp. bl. f. *Queen Ann*, by Camel, dam by Langar, 3 yrs 1 1
 Lecomte & Co.'s b. m. *Fortune*, by Imp. Tranby, out of Ann Page, 6 yrs..... 3 2
 B. Davidson & Co.'s br. c. *Little Trick*, by Imp. Tranby—Diomedes by Florizel, 4 y 2 3
 Thos. J. Wells' ch. g. *Hugh Carlin*, by Imp. Glencoe—Aronetta by Bertrand, 3 yrs. 4 4
 R. Totin & Co.'s ch. h. *Zimma*, by Ulysses, dam by Stockholder, 7 yrs..... dist.

First Heat.

Time of first mile.....	2:01	Time of first mile.....	2:04
" " 2d ".....	2:03	" " 2d ".....	2:00

Second Heat.

Time of first heat.....	4:04	Time of second heat.....	4:04
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Track heavy.

Queen Ann's reputation for size, beauty, and blood, had reached here long before her majesty arrived, and none were disappointed—she is a perfect *war figure*, and all believed that she would rake down the *socks*. *Fortune* was known to be as game a piece of horse flesh as was ever wrapped in hide; her weight killed her—the poor little thing did not disappoint us—she was always close along side, but it was no go—*Queen Ann's* stride cut her down and the little favorite was as cross and as ungovernable after the second heat as she was at the start. *Little Trick* was a stranger to us all—but too much praise cannot be given to the gentleman who made the entry for his deportment throughout the races. He did not speak of winning, but he promised to make the winner run, which pledge he kept. His horse was beautiful, but the same objection can be made to him as to *Fortune*, he is too small for a deep track. Mr. Well's *Hugh Carlin* was forth in the race—we predict that he will make himself known to the sporting world before March "45" To the astonishment of all *Zimma* was distanced. He is certainly a fine horse, and covered himself with imperishable glory in his race with *Grey Medoc*, 3 years ago.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$175, ent. \$17 50, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Thos. J. Wells' ch. m. <i>Torchlight</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Waxlight by Imp. Leviathan, 5 yrs.....	1	1	1
Davidson & Co.'s br. c. <i>Little Trick</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	4	2	2
Lecomte & Co.'s b. m. <i>Rosabella</i> , by Imp. Shakspeare, dam by Timoleon, 6 yrs.....	2	3	3
S. McLean's br. g. <i>Wild Cat</i> , by Nicholas, out of Black Fanny, 7 yrs.....	3	4	dist

Time. 1:57—1:56½—1:56½. Track heavy.

Torchlight was the favorite against the field; she has great size and power, and her stride told the news. *Rosabella* had been an invincible at the best 3 in 5, but she could not stand the racket in a deep track, her condition was fine, and there was great confidence felt by many that she would beat *Torchlight*, but she could not come it. *Little Trick* shewed heels and indubitable bottom, as his position in the race will show. *Wild Cat* was well known here as a speedy horse, he had given us much sport on former occasions, and there was not one person, but was sorry to see the red flag catch him. He did not run up to his usual time by some seconds in each heat.

FRIDAY, Oct. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$275, ent. \$27 50, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Thos. J. Wells' ch. h. <i>Stanley</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Aronetta by Bertrand, 5 yrs....	1	1
Lecomte & Co.'s b. m. <i>Fortune</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs.....	2	2
T. Kellogg's gr. h. <i>Pilot</i> , by Wild Bill—out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, 6 yrs.....	3	dr

First Heat.

Time of first mile.....	2:03
" " 2d ".....	2:07
" " 3d ".....	2:0½

Second Heat.

Time of first mile.....	2:04
" " 2d ".....	2:05
" " 3d ".....	2:05

Time of first heat.....	6:10½
Time of second heat.....	6:14

Stanley was the favorite against the field, and nobly did he bear himself that day. He took the purse in two straight heats with great apparent ease, although *Fortune* kept him running all the time. She displayed the same game in this race as is usual with her. The track was very deep, from an incessant rain of about 16 hours, and she travelled along without the slightest distress or making the slightest jostle, but she was obliged to "lay down the spools" to Wells. *Pilot* disappointed us all. He is a fine looking horse, and was in the hands of Mr. Hammond, who had been the trainer of John Bascombe for years. His condition may have been bad, we do not know for we are not a judge. It may be necessary to add, that the sudden indisposition of the jockey of *Fortune*, compelled the owners to substitute another for the second heat, but we presume that the result would have been the same.

SATURDAY, Oct. 28—A Silver Pitcher, value \$100, given by M. Colgan, proprietor of the Lafayette Hotel, ent. \$10, added, for horses that have never won a purse; weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Thos. J. Wells' ch. g. <i>Hugh Carlin</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	1	1	1
B. Davidson & Co.'s b. f. <i>Garter</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Trumpator, 3 yrs....	2	2	2
Lecomte & Co.'s (Gen. B. Scott's) b. c. <i>Sir Mark Wood</i> , by Pacific, out of an imported mare, 3 yrs.....	3	3	3
T. Kellogg's gr. h. <i>Pilot</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs.....	4	dist.	
B. S. Hart's ch. m. <i>Tezana</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs.....	5	dist	

Time, 1:59—1:57—2:01.

Note—By some accident the trainer of *Pilot* did not hear the tap of the drum, consequently did not let his horse start. By the Rules of the Club, the judges were forced reluctantly to declare a distance against him.

The Pitcher presented by Mr. Colgan, Esq., was a neat affair, and regarded as an additional proof of the taste and liberality for which that gentleman is remarkable.—Hopes were entertained that we could keep it in our parish, but those hopes were dissipated early on Saturday morning. The betting opened with "*Hugh Carlin*" against any named entry, and by 11 o'clock, *Garter* was freely offered against the field, all that was known of her was that she was a splendid creature, could make her mile with ease in the forties, and could repeat all the time. It was not surprising then to find the young, the middle aged and even the old going it high on *Garter*. But her backers were doomed to disappointment. *Hugh* won it in 3 straight heats with ease, and the Pitcher was delivered to his rider from the Judge's stand. He was then led to the Ladies stand, when a most splendid wreath of flowers, prepared by the Lady of one of the officers of the Club, was let down, placed upon *Hugh's* head, and amidst the waving of handkerchiefs, the clapping of hands, and a perfect shower of bouquets, he passed and repassed the Ladies stand. The success-

ful turfites, Messrs. Carnell & Wells from Rapides, left here on Saturday, for home, they carried with them the *substantial* testimonies of our *real* worth, and with these testimonies, they also carry, what we are sure they prize tenfold—the kind wishes and regards of the ladies and gentlemen of Natchitoches, and if they are as much pleased with us, as we flatter ourselves they should be, we feel certain of meeting them again on the N. J. Club Course, on the 3d Monday of October, 1844. It may be necessary to inform them, however, that from the *indications* already exhibited here since the races, they may expect to meet some very *tight papers*.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$25, ent. \$5 added, for saddle horses. One mile.

J. Hauruts' *Jim Fletcher* 1
Time, 1:58½.

There were six entries for the above purse, but of their names, or how many run, we are not informed.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Prize, a Saddle and Silver Spurs, free for any horse that never won a purse: first horse to take choice. One mile.

Mr. Blanchard's b. f. *Timoka* 1
Mr. Beckum's ch. g. *Frank* 2
Time, 2:00.

All the purses run for were paid in gold and silver, enclosed in purses worked by the fair hands of the ladies of Natchitoches.

And thus ended the Fall Meeting. We predict for the ensuing one finer stables, better time, and as general an attendance.

Natchitoches Democratic Herald.

PHILADELPHIA AND CAMDEN RACES.

CAMDEN COURSE, N. J.

TUESDAY, Oct. 24, 1843—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards 126lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>Senator</i> , by Imp. Priam, d. by Gohanna, 4 y	<i>George</i>	5	1	1
Jas. K. Van Mater's b. m. <i>Diana Syntax</i> , by Dr. Syntax, out of Imp. Diana by Catton, 3 yrs		4	3	2
Samuel Laird's ch. c. <i>Delaware</i> , by Mingo, dam by John Richards, 4 yrs		1	2	3
W. Baxter's ch. f. by Imp. Trustee, 4 yrs		2	2	dist.
David Tom's ch. c. <i>Stanley Eclipse</i> , by Busiris, dam by John Stanley, 4 yrs		3	dist.	
Chas. S. Lloyd's ch. h. <i>Orson</i> , by Imp. Valentine, out of Ethelinda (African's d.) by Marshal Bertrand, 5 yrs		6	dist.	

Time, 4:07½—4:01—4:05. Course heavy.

A pretty good race; in the 1st heat *Diana Syntax* led off, but after going three quarters of a mile *Delaware* went in front and won cleverly. *Senator* won the 2d heat "on" a brush, as he did the 3d.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Chas. S. Lloyd's ch. c. <i>Niagara</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Gypsey (own sister to Medoc) by Eclipse, 3 yrs	<i>P. Couvert</i>	1	2	1
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. g. by Imp. Emancipation, 3 yrs		2	1	2
F. Mervin's b. c. <i>Daniel Webster</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Fairy, 4 yrs		3	dist.	

Time, 1:57—2:00½—2:09.

A good race—the 1st heat being the best mile run during the meeting; the course throughout the week was very heavy and slippery.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 25—Purse \$350, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's br. c. <i>Gosport</i> , by Imp. Margrave, out of Miss Valentine by Imp. Valentine, 4 yrs		1	1
Henry A. Conover's gr. m. <i>Young Dove</i> , by Imp. Trustee—Dove by Duroc, 5 yrs		2	2

Time, 6:07—6:09. Course heavy.

Gosport let from end to end in both heats, the grey mare being amiss.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$50, free for all ages. Catch weights. Mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's ch. f. by Drone, 3 yrs		1	1
Chas. S. Lloyd's b. c. <i>Dungannon</i> , by Mingo, dam by John Stanley, 4 yrs		2	2
D. Tom's b. c. <i>Fiddler</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, 4 yrs		3	3
J. Lester's m. <i>Blue Sally</i> , by Imp. Expedition, 6 yrs		4	4

Time, 1:58—2:00½.

THURSDAY, Oct. 26—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as on Tuesday. Four mile heats.

Samuel Laird's (William Gibbons') ch. m. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 6 yrs	<i>Jos. Laird</i>	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Col. J. P. White's) gr. h. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 6 yrs	<i>Craig</i>	3	2
Peyton R. Johnston's ch. c. <i>The Colonel</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. My Lady, 3 yrs		2	dr

Time, 6:08—8:08.

The course being very heavy, and Blue Dick no "mud horse," the attraction of the race was materially lessened; yet quite a throng of spectators were in attendance. The race was no race at all for *Fashion*, and the odds on her were 100 to 25. In the 1st heat she went off with the lead and was never lapped. In the 2d heat, *Fashion* gave up the lead to Blue Dick, who led for about three miles and three quarters, when, without an effort, or without any one's being aware of it, it was found when the horses reached the draw-gate, that *Fashion* was several lengths ahead! She won like open and shut, with JOE LAIRD black in the face from pulling her back all the way. We doubt if her measure could be taken by any horse that ever made a track on the American Turf.

PITTSYLVANIA, VA., OAKLAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 3, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$250 each. Mile heats.

Philip G. Williams' b. c. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Midas 1 1
Robert Townes' gr. c. by Imp. Sarpedon 2 2
Time, 2:00—2:00.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 4—Purse \$115, free for all ages. 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110 6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

James Williamson's ch. f. by Imp. Rowton, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs 1 1
C. B. Barksdale's ch. f. by Imp. Skylark, dam by Midas, 5 yrs 2 dist.
Time, 5:16—4:02.

The first heat was a common gallop, each waiting on the other.

THURSDAY, Oct. 5—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
James Williamson's ch. f. *Taghioni*, by Imp. Priam, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.. 1 1 1
John L. White's b. f. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Imp. Fyde, 3 yrs 2 2 2
Time, 2:00—1:57—2:02.

FRIDAY, Oct. 6—Purse \$250, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
James Williamson's br. h. *Brown Stout*, by Imp. Sarpedon, d. by Mons. Tonson, 5 y 1 1
John L. White's ch. g. *Lehigh*, by Imp. Skylark, dam by Industry, 5 yrs 2 2
Time, 5:59—6:06.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI.

TUESDAY, Sept. 26, 1843—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Five subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Wm. T. Harrison's ch. c. *Camanche*, by Grey Eagle, dam by Rattler 1 1
Sashel Bynum's b. c. by Duke Sumner, dam by Marmion 2 2
A. W. Morrison's ch. f. by Collier, dam by Whip dist.*
Time, 2:03—2:10. * Distanced for foul riding.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 27—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

M. Morrison's (W. C. Boon's) ch. h. *Langham*, by Medoc, d. by Cumberland, 5 ys 1 1
R. L. Coleman's b. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs 2 2
W. D. Barkley's b. f. *Isabella*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs 3 dist.
Elijah Snell's ch. h. *Tom Tunstall*, by Uncas, 5 yrs 4 dist.
Thos. Jackson's b. g. *Howard*, by Charles Bingley, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs 5 dist.
W. E. Wright's b. c. by Collier, dam by Patrick Henry, 3 yrs dist.
Time, 1:53—1:50. Track good.

THURSDAY, Sept. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats
Thos. G. Sanders' gr. h. *Tom Marshall*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mercury, 5 yrs. 1 1
Thos. Jackson's ch. c. *Simon Girty*, by Mark Moore, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs 2 2
Time, 3:52—3:58.

FRIDAY, Sept. 29—J. C. Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
Thos. Stevenson's (W. C. Boon's) ch. h. *Ecliptic*, by Eclipse, out of Rodolph's dam by Moses, 5 yrs 1 1
R. L. Coleman's b. m. *Margaret Blunt*, by Eclipse, dam by Contention, 7 yrs 2 2
Time, 6:02—6:00. Track heavy.

This was the most interesting race of the week. The splendid performances of the mare last year made her the favorite with the betting men, while the friends of the horse were equally sanguine of success; and nothing but the scarcity of cash prevented a heavy "removal of deposits." The race proved the horse to have both the speed and game, taking the lead at the stand, and maintaining it gallantly throughout both heats. A fall of rain a few hours before starting rendered the track heavy, but for which, the race would have been run low down in the "fifties," and in the opinion of many, in the "forties."

SATURDAY, Sept. 30—J. C. Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Thos. G. Sanders' ch. m. *Ann Stewart*, by Eclipse, dam by Paragon, 5 yrs 2 2 1 1 1
M. Morrison's (W. C. Boon's) ch. h. *Langham*, pedigree above, 5 yrs 1 1 2 dist.
R. L. Coleman's ch. f. *Quakeress*, by Imp. Rowton, dam by Hotspur, 3 yrs 3 3 3 dist.
Time, 2:01—1:59—2:02—2:05. Track heavy.

Langham was able to have won this race by sixty yards in every heat would he have run kindly. In the 3d heat he sulked and refused to run, until each of the others were 150 yards ahead, and then came within a length of winning the heat, the mares having the whip and spur applied freely throughout. In the 4th heat he also sulked, and was distanced.

DAVID KUNKLE, Sec'y.

LONG ISLAND RACES, UNION COURSE.

The Fall Campaign on the Northern Turf commenced on the 3d Oct., with a Trial Meeting; of the five races which came off on that day, one was of the highest interest. In every instance the favorite was backed at extraordinary odds, and in each case he was as badly beaten. The course was heavy, and there were two light showers during the day. The attendance was very shy, few members, and but a single officer of the club being present.

The ball opened with a stake for 3 yr. olds; of four nominations, two only came to the post. Both were by Imp. Trustee, one of them Mr. LIVINGSTON'S Dunvegan, being out of Job's dam, and Mr. TOLER'S Niagara being out of Gypsey, a sister of the renowned Medoc. Dunvegan promises to attain a more prominent place on the Turf than his distinguished half brother; he is a bay, with a star and one white hindfoot, 15 3 in height, and very bloodlike. Niagara is a chesnut, about 15-1, and resembling his dam in many respects. Dunvegan was very sore, and indeed was lame in his hind leg, when first started, but he continued to improve after getting warm, and won the 2d and 3rd heats very cleverly. Niagara was the favorite at 3 to 1 before the 1st heat, and 10 to 1 after winning it.

TUESDAY, Oct. 3, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Four subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Walter Livingston's b. c. <i>Dunvegan</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Jemima (Job's dam) by Rattler	<i>Abram Remsen</i>	2	1	1
Chas. S. Lloyd's (Henry K. Toler's) ch. c. <i>Niagara</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Gypsey (own sister to Medoc) by Eclipse		1	2	2
Time, 4:03—4:01—4:30. Course heavy.				

SECOND RACE.—Next in order came off a Stake for 3 yr. olds, for which a Trustree filly and a Tormentor colt were nominated. The latter had been fired and blistered for curbs on both legs, while the filly had taken only four week's work. Moreover in a false start she went about a mile and a half before she could be stopped, a circumstance not calculated to "set her forward any." The odds were against her, but she made all the play and won as easy as falling off a log. The winner is very pretty, and being out of the dam of Cadmus, ought to train on. Summary:—

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Two subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

W. J. Shaw's (Col. John H. Coster's) b. f. <i>America</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Die Vernon (Cadmus' dam) by Florizel	<i>Sam</i>	1	1
Chas. S. Lloyd's ch. c. by Tormentor, dam by Monmouth Eclipse		2	2
Time, 1:56—2:07. Course heavy.			

THIRD RACE.—The purse for Two mile heats brought four to the post; Stanley Eclipse, a Busiris colt, from New Jersey, was eagerly backed at odds against the field, which included Young Dove, Princess, and a horse by Valentine. Princess led at her ease for about a mile and a half, and could have won the heat with a good jockey on her back; not being supported in the least she failed, and the favorite took her place; he won cleverly as Young Dove, with Gil. Patrick on her, did not make a stroke for it. The odds were now "right smart" on the Jersey crack, the public having unaccountably taken up a notion that he was "one of 'em," and no mistake! Several gentlemen put their foot in it. On commencing the 2d heat Gil. Patrick went off at score on Young Dove, and hustled the favorite for nearly a mile "putting him up to all he knew." Gil. then took a pull at the mare's head for 500 yards when he tried it on again and this time he "fetched him!" He ran neck and neck with the favorite from the quarter to the half mile post, when Stanley Eclipse cried *peccavi* and the thing was out; the grey mare won at her ease. It is a long time since we have seen a prettier heat or a better specimen of jockeyship than that exhibited by Gil. Patrick, who attended the races with no intention of giving the public a taste of his quality. But at the earnest request of his friends he consented to oblige Maj. JONES, while the different jockies volunteered the loan of a jacket, cap, spurs, etc. In the 3d heat the grey mare cut out all the work and won

"like open and shut," giving a "high fall" to several of the "Jersey Blues."

Summary :—

SAME DAY—Third Race—Purse \$150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs, allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Maj. Wm. Jones' gr. m. <i>Young Dove</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Dove			
by Duroc, 4 yrs.....	<i>Gil. Patrick</i> .	3	1
Chas. S. Lloyd's b. h. by Imp. Valentine, dam by Monmouth Eclipse, 5 yrs.....		2	3
David Tom's ch. c. <i>Stanley Eclipse</i> , by Busiris, dam by John Stanley, 4 yrs.....		1	2
F. T. Porter enters ch. f. <i>Princess</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Sally Hope by Sir			
Archy, 4 yrs.....		4	dr

Time, 3:58—3:59—4:05.

FOURTH RACE.—The "best 3 in 5—mile heats," is one of the most difficult races to win in the calendar. On the present occasion four horses started in it, Orson, an own brother to Mr. STEVENS' African, now in Missouri, Livingston and Mazeppa by Imp. Trustee, and Fanny Dawson, by Mr. BORRIS' Veto, out of the dam of Mr. BUSH's Tom Branch, a horse of great celebrity on the Western Turf formerly. The namesake of Harkaway's dam was the favorite at 20 to 12 vs. the field. She had Sam, a smart little ball of very black india-rubber, on her back, who had not more than strength enough to hold a rocking-horse. Fanny run away from him, and won the 1st heat by a neck only, in 1:53. Mazeppa was distanced as he ought to have been, being ridden by a yokel weighing 103 lbs., without hat, coat, boots, or saddle! After the 1st heat the brother to African had it all his own way. Summary :—

SAME DAY—Fourth Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5. Chas. S. Lloyd's ch. h. *Orson*, by Imp. Valentine, out of Ethelinda (African's dam) by Marshal Bertrand, 5 yrs..... *John Sparling*. 3 1 1 1
W. J. Shaw's ch. f. *Fanny Dawson*, by Veto, out of Tom Branch's dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs..... 1 2 3 2
David W. Jones' b. c. *Livingston*, by Imp. Trustee, dam by Henry, 3 yrs..... 2 3 2 dr
Samuel Whitson's ch. c. *Mazeppa*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Jane, 3 yrs..... dist.*
Time, 1:53—1:58—1:59—2:02. * Carried 13lbs. extra.

FIFTH RACE.—Ere this race commenced it was nearly dark, and as the conductors of the railroad cars would wait no longer, most of the spectators left. In the meantime ELWORTH walked around the course—a mile in 8:16. The race was for a purse of \$50, with \$10 entrance, added. It was won cleverly by a Mingo colt, the first that has ever started on Long Island. Summary :—

SAME DAY—Fifth Race—Purse \$50, with \$10 entrance added, conditions as before. Mile heats.

C. S. Lloyd's b. c. <i>Dungannon</i> , by Mingo, dam by John Stanley, 4 yrs. <i>Peter Couvert</i> .	1	1
N. Seaman's ch. h. <i>Croton</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Jane, 5 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 1:57—2:03. Course heavy.

Thus ended the First Fall Meeting on Long Island, and "pretty small meats" it was, as the two strongest Jersey stables were not in attendance. The get of Trustee especially distinguished itself, and we are led to anticipate a brilliant career for Mr. LIVINGSTON's Dunvegan.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

We are indebted to Messrs. CHAMBERS & KNAPP, of the "Missouri Republican," for the interesting report annexed of the races near the beautiful city of St. Louis. Previous to the commencement of the meeting the prospects of sport were announced to be as follows :—

FALL RACES.—On Saturday we rode out to look at the Course, and see the horses in training. This week's sport promises to be better than any of the previous meetings. The track is in as fine condition as it could be made, and if quick time—at least quick in comparison with former running—is not made, it might be given up. We do not believe it ever can be very quick whilst the turns are so short. Mr. SHACKLETT, however, has done all in his power both to better the track and accommodate the public. His preparations for the week are ample, and made in a spirit that deserves encouragement. The following is a list of the stables at the course, and the horses. Some of them are not unknown to fame and have done it up in good time. From the number and reputation of the horses, we would suppose that every purse during the week will be well contested :—

TUNSTALL & SAFFORD's stable, from Arkansas, consists of Notorious, by Tom Fletcher, 5 yrs. old; Sally Carr, by Stockholder, 5 yrs. old; Elizabeth

Jones, by Pacific, 4 yrs. old; John Ringgold, by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs. old, and Freshet, by Tom Fletcher, 3 yrs. old.

Mr. FROST, from Illinois, has Statesman, 5 yrs. old, by Monmouth Eclipse; Dick Turpin, 5 yrs. old, by Monmouth Eclipse; Rosanna Eldert, by Jerseyman, 4 yrs. old; and Lady Plymouth, 3 yrs. old, by Flagellator.

Mr. DRANE, from Kentucky, has in his string, Simon Kenton, 4 yrs. old, by Eclipse; Sally Cressap, 4 yrs. old, by Eclipse; Little Snag, 3 yrs. old, by Medoc; and Ahira, 3 yrs. old, by Medoc. All winners at other races.

Mr. BRADLEY, from Kentucky, has Greyhead, 4 yrs. old, by Chorister; Lavolta, 5 yrs. old, by Medoc; Geneva, 5 yrs. old; Gold French, 4 yrs. old, by Imp. Glencoe; and a 4 yr. old filly by Medoc, sister to Minstrel.

Mr. COLEMAN, from Virginia, has Margaret Blount, 7 yrs. old, by Eclipse; and a 3 yr. old filly by Imp. Rowton.

Mr. SANDERS has in his string, Ann Stewart, by Eclipse; Tom Marshall, by Imp. Leviathan, and Ring dove, by Imp. Merman.

Col. JOHN P. WHITE, of Missouri, has Ben Barkley, Nancy Buford, Black Morocco, and a Trustee colt.

Mr. MORRISON, of Missouri, has Ecliptic, by Eclipse.

Mr. HUNGATE, of Indiana, has ch. g. Andrew, by Andrew, 5 yrs. old, a winner of two jockey club purses, and several matches.

MONDAY, Oct. 16, 1843—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

James L. Bradley's ch. m. <i>Geneva</i> , by Medoc, dam by Arab, 5 yrs.....	7	0	1	1
Tunstall & Safford's b. m. <i>Sally Carr</i> , by Stockholder, dam unknown, 5 yrs	1	0	2	2
B. H. McCarty's b. f. by Imp. Merman, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs.....	4	5	3	r. o.
Col. J. P. White's m. <i>Black Morocco</i> , by John Richards, d. by Sumpter, 5 ys	6	3	4	r. o.
Ellis & Drane's ch. f. <i>Sally Cressap</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.....	5	4	dist.	
James C. Frost's gr. f. <i>Rosanna Eldert</i> , by Jerseyman, d. by Royalist, 4 yrs.	3	6	dist.	
John Hungate's ch. g. <i>Andrew</i> , by Andrew, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	2	7	dist.	
Time, 1:54—1:52—1:54—1:56.				

At the tap they all got off in good order, Geneva having the lead. On the back stretch, Andrew and Rosanna Eldert made a push for it, but it was "no go;" Sally Carr, who to the third turn appeared to be indifferent, now made a show, and on coming into the home stretch took the lead, which she maintained until the end; the heat having been won in 1:54.

At the second announcement, Geneva took the lead, the rest up in a bundle. It was now anybody's race, and so the crowd seemed to think it, for the betting was (to use a western expression) *mighty slim*. In going round the back stretch, and doubling the third turn, a pause came over the crowd. Geneva, who had the lead at the start had not maintained it, but as she doubled into the home stretch she seemed to make play, and down the last quarter they came at a thundering pace. The judges, who stood by the line, were unanimous that it was a *dead heat*, and it was so announced. Time, 1:52. This heat was the more extraordinary that no horse was distanced. Yet bets were offered freely in the morning that certain horses would be distanced.

Upon the third tap the start was fair, Sally Carr having, if anything, the advantage, which she most stoutly maintained round into the home stretch. On the turn into the home run, Geneva made play, and from the turn down to less than one hundred yards of the line, it was anybody's race; but on the score Geneva showed her blood, and in less than a hundred yards placed herself full a length ahead of her competitor, winning the heat in 1:54.

Upon the fourth call, only two nags had the right to start. At the tap Geneva took the track, and during the round maintained her position. On the back stretch there was a pretty struggle, but it was but short; on the third turn Geneva bid her antagonist good-bye, and came in a great way ahead in 1:56.

Upon the whole we have never seen a more exciting and brilliant day's sport. Every inch of the ground was contested, and there was nothing in the day to mar its pleasures, save a very cold, raw wind.

In the last heat, by the rules of the Club, all were drawn but Geneva and Sally Carr.

TUESDAY, Oct. 17—Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sixteen subs. at \$— each. — heats.

Capt. Thos. T. Tunstall's ch. f. <i>Freshet</i> , by Tom Fletcher—Charline by Pacific.....	1	1
Dr. Thos. Payne's ch. c. by Imp. Trustee.....	2	2
Time not given.		

The day's sport on the *produce stake* was not equal to what we anticipated in 1840, when this race was got up. It was a clear "open and shut" affair from the start. *Freshet* was not put to her utmost at any time. By the way, we are told that *Freshet* was foaled by a mare which was caught in a rise of the Arkansas river. The dam in attempting to gain the main land was caught in a thicket of grape vines where she hung until she expired. In her agonies this colt, *Freshet*, was foaled, and she now bears the marks on her skin of every vine which contributed to strangle her dam.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18—Proprietor's Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

B. H. McCarty's ch. m. <i>Ann Stewart</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Paragon, 5 yrs.....	3	3	1	1
Col. John P. White's b. h. <i>Ben Barclay</i> , by Pushpin, dam by Sir Hal, 6 yrs....	4	1	3	2
Francis S. Smith's b. h. <i>Jerome</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, d. by Sir Charles, . yrs.	2	2	2	dr
Ellis & Drane's b. c. <i>Ahira</i> , by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs	5	4		
J. L. Bradley's br. c. <i>Gold Fringe</i> , by Imp Glencoe—Imp. Gold Wire, 4 yrs....	1			dist.

Time, 5:56—5:55—6:05—6:09.

As was anticipated, the sport was capital. We have never seen over the track better running. Better time may have been made, but at no time has there been better sport. All the nags came to the stand, and betting was just "so so." The favorite, if there was a favorite, was *Ann*; but the others were not without friends. Although no large sums were laid out, the "small change" was freely bet upon one or two against the field.

Upon the judge's call there was a false start, but at the *tap* they all got off in good order: *Jerome* taking the lead. *Ann*, for a little time, held him in play, but fell back and gave place to *Ben Barclay*, who contended round the first two miles. A portion of the running, especially that on the back stretch of the second mile, was beautiful. They all run up in a heap, and it was then anybody's race. On opening out into the home stretch, and round again into the back stretch, *Gold Fringe* made a push, and having placed herself next *Jerome*, held her position until coming into the last quarter, when she made her final brush; winning the heat in 5:56.

At the second *tap*, all got off in a pile, *Gold Fringe* having the lead until coming into the back stretch, when she gave it up to *Jerome* and *Ben Barclay*. In this order they went into the second mile; *Ann Stewart* apparently running under a hard pull, but on the back stretch her saddle slipped and her rider jumped behind it—in this way she run out the heat. On the turn into the back stretch of the third mile of this heat, *Ben Barclay* was far ahead, but in doubling the third turn, *Gold Fringe* made her struggle. As they swept into the home stretch, *Ben Barclay* was ahead; but coming down the mare got the lead.

This heat was contested on the ground of foul reading; in this, that *Gold Fringe*, after coming into the home stretch, on the last mile, swerved from the track she had taken. The rule upon the subject, and which was given in charge to the riders is—"That no horse shall be permitted to change its position or track, selected by the rider, in the last quarter stretch, under penalty of being distanced." Under this rule, the judges decided *Gold Fringe* distanced. The fact of having swerved from her track was undeniable and no cause being shown to believe it was unavoidable, the heat was awarded to *Ben Barclay*. This was run in 5:55. *Ahira* was drawn.

At the word go, all got off in a pile. *Ann Stewart*, however, took the lead. There were several good brushes between her and the other two; but at no place could they pass—she ran out the three miles in 6:05, evidently hard in hand. *Ben Barclay* all the time making a good show.

Upon the fourth call, only *Ann Stewart* and *Ben Barclay* started; (*Jerome* not having won a heat in three). *Ben* made play for it for a time, but it was no show, the mare had the heels and bottom, and came in, winning with ease; in fact, coming up the last stretch she was held in, and actually walked under the line. Time—6:09. However, *Ben Barclay* showed himself full of bottom, and came out at the end of the 12th mile apparently ready to run twelve more. He is a tough horse, but lacks the foot.

THURSDAY, Oct. 19—Proprietor's Purse \$150, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

James L. Bradley's b. f. <i>Mirth</i> , by Medoc, out of Minstrel's dam by Buford's Alexander, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Tunstall & Safford's ch. f. <i>Catherine Rector</i> , by Pacific, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 y	2	2
Ellis & Drane's c. <i>Simon Kenton</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs	3	3
James C. Frost's ch. h. <i>Dick Turpin</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Dashall, 5 yrs.		dist.

Time, 3:51—3:52.

The track was in excellent order, save the dust; but the Kentucky nag was decidedly the favorite; she was freely taken against the field; and with the exception of the Arkansas mare, there seemed to be no doubt about it. Of course bets ran low. At the tap they all got off in excellent style, Catharine Rector taking the lead, Simon Kenton pushing her hard, Dick running at his ease, and Mirth lying back. In this position they run the first mile; on leading round the second turn into the back stretch, Mirth began for the first time to shake the kinks out of her, and in less than a hundred yards she took the lead, which she maintained, Catharine Rector closely contesting every inch of the way, and after coming into the main stretch, especially from the draw-gate down, it was a beautifully contested struggle. As jumps were, so was the race; but Mirth had the heels, and took it—Dick Turpin distanced.

Upon the second call, Catharine Rector again took the lead, Kenton running her up to the score, Mirth again laying back. On going down the back stretch, and coming into the stand, so far was Mirth behind, that many thought she did not intend running for the heat; but on coming into the back stretch, and down it, she made play, and before reaching the third turn she was again ahead. The running down the back stretch was as interesting as any ever witnessed upon the course; a good deal of the time a blanket would have covered them all. Mirth, however, won with ease in 3:52. It is due to Catharine Rector to say she ran well, and contested every inch of the ground.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 James L. Bradley's b. c. *Greyhead*, by Chorister, dam by Mucklejohn, 3 yrs. 1 1
 Col. R. L. Coleman's b. m. *Margaret Blount*, by Eclipse, dam by Contention, aged 2 2
 M. Morrison's (W. C. Boon's) cn. h. *Ecliptic*, by Eclipse, out of Rodolph's dam by Moses, 5 yrs. 3 3

Time, 8:13—8:00.

The best field of the week was out to-day; but there seemed to be great unanimity of opinion as to the result. All seemed to think the Kentucky mare had it, and but few would take the field against her. The track was in excellent order; but the dust and high wind rendered it impossible to make good time. Both horse and rider suffered from it. The track is on the north side of the main road, and a strong south-west wind kept the field full of dust, besides the dust created by the running horses.

In the first heat *Ecliptic* took the track, and kept it round for the three first miles. The running being chiefly between *Margaret Blount* and *Greyhead*—*Ecliptic* run at his ease, and it was evident that the race lay in the last brush. The time of the two first miles was exceedingly slow, although the second was an improvement on the first. *Greyhead* took the lead of *Margaret Blount* on the third mile, and felt *Ecliptic*, apparently as if to keep him at his hardest work. On swinging into the back stretch, on the fourth mile, *Greyhead* made his brush, and in a few strides took the lead. *Margaret Blount* also seemed to let out, and made the contest animated round to the distance stand, when she gave it up. *Ecliptic*, when his distance was saved, held up.

Every one now regarded it as an "open and shut" affair. At the tap, for the third start, *Margaret Blount* took the lead, which she maintained round for the first three miles, leaving a wide gap between her and the other two. On the third mile *Greyhead* made several shows as if he wished to pass, but in each case fell back to his former position. These three miles were as pretty running as we have seen on the track. The first was run in 1:59; the second in 1:55, and the third in 1:58. On the turn into the back stretch *Greyhead* made his struggle, and in a hundred yards or so placed himself full a length ahead—this difference *Margaret* could not overcome, and the Kentucky horse came in a winner in 8:00. *Ecliptic's* leg failed him, and he was pronounced by some to be dead lame. The winner and *Margaret* were well ridden, and Mr. Bradley has as much to brag of in his rider as his horses.

SATURDAY, Oct. 21—Citizens' Purse \$150, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 James L. Bradley's ch. c. *Gold Fringe*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 2 1 1
 Tunstall & Safford's ch. f. *Catharine Rector*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 3 2 2
 B. H. McCarty's gr. h. *Tom Marshall*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mercury, 5 ys 1 dist.
 Time, 3:51—3:54—3:54.

To-day's racing was not largely attended, but the sport as long as it lasted was good; in fact, more animated than on any previous occasion. Only three of the four entered came up. A good deal of trouble was experienced in the start; but they all got off well up in a heap. *Tom Marshall* having

the lead, Gold Fringe second, laying close up, and Catharine Rector not far off. In this order the first mile was run in 1:55. On turning into the back stretch Gold Fringe made his brush, and the running down that was highly interesting. For the greater part of the way they locked. On turning the third corner, Gold Fringe took the lead full a length, but as they swung into the home run Tom Marshall made a push, and soon was alongside. Now the excitement was intense, for the stretch was run locked. Tom, however, got it, coming in a neck ahead, making the whole time 3:51.

Neither of the horses cooled off very well. Tom had been the favorite in the morning, and bets had been taken on him against the field; but he was evidently too high in flesh. At the call the three again started, Gold Fringe having the lead, Catharine second. A short distance below the draw gate, Tom Marshall ran against the railing or fence, injuring himself in the body and hind leg very seriously. He was withdrawn. Gold Fringe kept the lead and won the heat in 3:54.

The fun was now considered as over, every one believing Gold Fringe could win the third heat with ease. He did win it, but it required his best exertions, for, on the last mile, Catharine Rector took up the running, and coming down the last stretch for a time was ahead, but Gold Fringe came in about half a neck ahead, winning in 3:54. Thus ended the week's sport.

In the evening several sweepstakes were started to come off at future meetings, some of which were filled upon the spot.

We learn that Mirth, the winner of the proprietor's purse on Thursday, has been purchased by some gentlemen of this county, and has gone into Col. J. P. White's stable.

Oliver, the rider for Col. J. P. White, goes to other fields to seek new laurels. We commend him to the kindness of the gentlemen of the turf. He is a good rider, and withal a most deserving young man.

SHAWNEETOWN, ILLINOIS.

The subjoined report is from the Shawneetown "Republican," of the 7th October. The editor has omitted to furnish the pedigrees of the horses, and as we have no means of supplying them, the Secretary of the Jockey Club will oblige the gentlemen interested by forwarding an official report:—

We know of nothing more amusing to present to our readers, than a synopsis of the present week's racing. In doing so, we shall commence with the two first days, being match races, before the regular Jockey Club races commenced.

The first was a match race between Mr. Stoops's *Crazy Jane*, and Mr. Jones's *Alex. Drake*, a single dash of one mile—won with great ease by *Crazy Jane*, in 2 minutes 8 seconds. This race attracted some attention, but nothing like so much as the second day's race, between Col. H. Wilson's *Duke of York*, and Mr. Frake's *Wolf*. Before the nags were started, the Duke had many friends. Knowing what he had done on former occasions, and believing he never would wear out, his friends "piled up," considering the times. But, alas, "how the mighty have fallen." Even *Wolf* had the audacity to contest the field with this noble animal, and beat him two straight heats with little trouble. After the first heat many of the Duke's friends forsook him. Others, knowing his bottom on former occasions, believed he would yet be able to throw dirt in *Wolf's* face; but "the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong." His race was run, and he should have retired on his former laurels, instead of jeopardizing his well earned reputation.

On the next day (Wednesday) the *Jockey Club Races* commenced with three entries—Maj. Stout's *Sarah Jane*, Dan Field's *Leviathan*, and Mr. McNairy's *Bay colt*. At 12 o'clock the horses were brought to the stand—every one anticipating victory, all in fine condition, and sleek as wolves. At the tap of the drum they were all off; Field's *Leviathan* taking the lead, chased by the *Bay Colt*, and in the rear *Sarah Jane*, who, it was soon discovered, had waked up the wrong passenger, or was in bad condition, and could not contest the race, as had been anticipated. The *Bay Colt* being decidedly the favorite, many were anxious to get bets that was not taken. The first heat being over, the *Leviathan* was declared the victor—making it in 1:58; *Sarah Jane* distanced, leaving

but the two. Bets now became more even, as many of the colt's friends began to "flicker" after they found the labor necessary to be performed to beat the mare, and began to "hedge" their bets. The second heat was won by the mare with great ease—the colt not being able to push her over any part of the ground.

There was considerable dissatisfaction felt, by many of the backers of the colt, believing, from the slow time made, that he had not been pushed. This was, perhaps, erroneous, as the Colt would have won if he could; but believing he could not, he was permitted to "take his time, Miss Lucy," and run it in 1 minute and 59 seconds. He is a good colt, and shows game, but too slow in finding the place where the *Judges* stand, ever to do anything on the track, unless it is to deceive those that may bet upon him.

The next was two miles and repeat—three entries: Field's *Nancy Mack*, McNairy's *Claret*, and White's *Nancy Buford*. Before the horses were brought to the stand *Claret* was decidedly the favorite against the field, but when the beautiful figure of *Buford* was seen, many bets were taken against him; *Nancy Mack* being "no where" in the race. Indeed, bets were taken that she could not win a heat. At the tap of the drum they were off in fine style, *Nancy Mack* leading, and *Claret* in hot haste to keep with her. It was soon understood that *Buford* would not run for the heat, but to save her distance, believing, from the disposition shown by *Nancy Mack*, she would hold *Claret* uneasy enough, as the sequel proved; beating him and showing by her strides that she was no mean adversary. This, however, was thought by some to be accidental, she being hardly thought to be in the race, and it being discovered that *Claret* was cramping, the race was looked upon as being *Buford's*. But the knowing ones had something yet to learn.

On the second heat *Nancy Mack* led off most beautiful, chased by *Buford*—*Claret* running to save his distance. Every one was in momentary expectancy of seeing *Buford* pass her, but on making the brush, *Nancy Mack* kept her position. Finding there was some doubt of *Buford's* making the heat, *Claret* came to the rescue, and, in the last struggle, *Nancy Mack* ran away from them both, and proved that she was only funning with them; neither of them being able to make her stretch her neck—running the race in two straight heats, without being put up over any portion of the ground; making the last heat in 3 minutes 57 seconds.

In this race we find the truth of the adage that "unassuming merit is often overlooked." The nag that was thought to be "no where" in the beginning, proved to be more than a match for both favorites in the end.

The next was three entries, Three miles and repeat. Won by White's horse, in one heat—distancing the field. The day being very rainy, little interest was manifested.

THE SPRING RACES AT LEXINGTON, KY.

LEXINGTON, KY., Aug. 14, 1843.

Dear Sir.—Your repeated calls in the "Spirit of the Times" for a report of the races at Lexington this Spring have not yet been answered. I do not know who is to blame, but certainly the President or Secretary of the Association ought to take interest enough in our races to note them down, or get some one to make out a report for record in your paper or magazine, as they are the only ones in which such records are kept. Having noticed the Three mile race particularly, and having a list of the entries, &c. I here send you a short account of it, and hope some one will send you an account of the others as they were all excellent races. There was no four mile race.

For the 3 mile purse on Friday, the 26th of May, 1843, the entries were *Motto*, *Tiberius*, *Lecher*, *Sally Hardin*, *Ann Innis*, *Rapides*, and *Camilla*. The betting was principally on *Motto*, *Tiberius* and *Camilla* versus the rest, or the South of the State vs. the North. *Motto* was first favorite.

First heat: *Motto* and *Rapides* started with the lead, followed closely by *Ann Innis*, the others lying back. They continued in this way with slight variation for a mile and a half, when *Motto* drew clear of them, and keeping up a good racing stride, won the heat handily; *Rapides* a good second—all the rest in the distance, except *Sally Hardin*, who was badly out of condition; Time—5:52.

Second heat. But little change in the betting. They got off well, and most of them struck out boldly for the heat, Tiberius having the lead a little; but after getting into the back stretch, Tiberius, by his quick pace and long steady stroke, soon showed that he was after getting that heat and nothing less, if possible. The others all dropped back except Motto, who, proud of her strength and confident in her powers, pushed boldly on after him, keeping him up to the top of his bent for two miles and a half; here she made an effort to pass, got nearly a length ahead, but suddenly and singularly faltered, by which means the horse gained a length or two and led her up the hill round the last turn and into the last stretch. Here the mare rallied again, both doing all they could. She gained a little on him, and at the drawgate she showed her head in front three feet, but John Ford on the horse took a double pull at his head, struck the spurs into him and by a last desperate effort made a dead heat of it—Letcher an easy third, Camilla fourth, Rapides and Ann Innis distanced. Time—5:46.

Third heat.—Motto looked somewhat worsted, Tiberius a good deal, Letcher not much hurt. The friends of Letcher now rallied, and the betting commenced in a right serious manner on him even vs. Motto—2 to 1 vs. Tiberius, and 2 to 1 vs. Camilla. They started off well together, and continued in this way for near half a mile. Here Letcher was ordered to take the track, which he did easily, and led around the turn into the front stretch; here they all came up and brushed at him for about 100 yards. This roused him, and he kept a-going until he got about 80 yards ahead, when he was taken in hand, and cantered the rest of the heat, the rider looking back frequently to see that all was right. Camilla 2d, Tiberius 3d, Motto 4th. Time—6:12.

Fourth heat. Tiberius was now considered as out of the race. The betting was now 2 to 1 on Letcher vs. Motto; in some instances even betting between them, the friends of Motto still having faith in her powers. They both looked well—as the last heat was not fast enough to tire them—and a bruising heat was looked for. The excitement was intense, and expectation on tiptoe. The drum is tapped—they are off—Letcher gets off best, and makes a gap of thirty or forty yards between them. This he seems determined to keep; there is no waiting, but “it’s go along, keep moving”—she doing her prettiest to overtake him. After going two miles in this unsociable way, they get together—they stay together—first she has him, then he has her—he has the most in hand—they swing around into the last stretch side by side. The mare gains a little—at the draw-gate she has him a few feet and looks like winning; but the horse being loudly called on here, responds nobly and quickly, and wins the heat by two open lengths. It was a beautiful race and very gratifying to the North side. Time—5:51.

FRIDAY, May 26, 1843—Association Purse \$400, ent. \$40, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Wm. S. Buford's b. h. <i>Bob Letcher</i> , by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs	5	3	1	1
Murphy & Co.'s ch. f. <i>Motto</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Lady Tompkins by Eclipse, 4 yrs	1	0	4	2
F. G. Brengman's b. c. <i>Tiberius</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Silverheels, 4 yrs	4	0	3	dist.
Ben. Jenkins' br. f. <i>Camilla</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Picayune's dam, 4 yrs	6	4	2	r. o.
Joseph Clinton's bl. m. <i>Ann Innis</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs	3	dist.		
B. Davidson's ch. c. <i>Rapides</i> , by Imp. Skylark, out of Earl of Margrave's dam by Pacific, 4 yrs	2	dist.*		
Capt. Willa Viley's b. m. <i>Sally Hardin</i> , by Bertrand, out of Mary Bedford by Duke of Bedford, 5 yrs		dist.		

Time, 5:52—5:46—6:12—5:51. * Broke down.

Yours, &c.

SCOTT.

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